

MAY VOL. 7—NO. 12

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MAY

BLUE BOLT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

10¢



JACK
HARMON



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BLUE BOLT FLASHES

The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

Blue Bolt and Snap Doodle have certainly been doing a lot of traveling lately. Talk about roving reporters — Bolt could probably tell any one of them a thing or two about a far-off place, and Snap could supply pictures to back him up.

Yet even though the life of a wandering journalist is fascinating, it is not always free of loneliness. The editor of "Glimpses" would have to be pretty hard-boiled not to realize that Blue Bolt and Snap are as human as the rest of us.

Confidentially, both of them would like to get home for a little while. They are adventurers at heart, but the old saying: "Home is where the heart lies," can be interpreted in many different ways.

So, we've been wondering whether you would like to see Blue Bolt on a "home" assignment. Perhaps he'll meet a beautiful secretary in the "Glimpses" office, ask the editor for a raise, and go on from there. And wouldn't Snap get a bang out of shooting the "official pix" of the wedding! We're not saying that Blue Bolt would allow himself to be hog-tied that easily, but it could happen.

What say to a look-see into Blue Bolt's future! Give us a glimpse of what you'd like!

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

Of all the different stories in your book, I think "Dick Cole" is the best. Then come "Edison Bell," "Fearless Fellers," and "Sergeant Spook."

But I think that Dick Cole should not be the lucky one all the time. Nor should Farr win all the sports events.

Otherwise, I think BLUE BOLT is the best comic book put out.

Sincerely yours,
Joseph Robisheaux
Texas City, Texas

We have a notion, Joseph, that the breaks will not always favor Dick and the Farr teams. Lady Luck has a way of twisting things to suit her fancy.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I enjoy BLUE BOLT comics very much because it contains comedy, adventure, and mystery.

Best of all I like "Dick Cole," "Blue Bolt the American," and "Fearless Fellers." The other comics are swell, too. "Blue Bolt Flashies" are also good, and I get a kick out of the Q's and A's because I quiz my brother on them.

I have only one complaint to make and that is about the placing of the A's. It would be better if you put them in the back of the book.

A BLUE BOLT fan,
Shirley Wagner
Keedysville, Md.

How about it, gang? Do you agree with Shirley on the placing of the A's?

* * *

Dear Editors:

After reading your book the first time, I resolved to make it a habit. Now I always have a dime handy when I rush to the store to get my copy. My parents approve wholeheartedly of your magazine.

My favorite characters are Dick Cole, Sergeant Spook, and the Fearless Fellers. I also like the Q's and A's. They are very educational.

Sincerely,
Antoinette Barbaro
Bronx, N. Y.

Glad the Barbaros like BLUE BOLT, Antoinette.

* * *

Dear Editors:

In reading the comic joke page, "Bluebolts and Nuts," of your December 1946 issue of BLUE BOLT, I discovered one of the jokes contained an error. It said that "M" appears once in a moment, once in a month, and once in a million. This isn't true because, as you can see, the letter "M" appears twice in moment.

The correct answer is the letter "O."

Respectfully yours,
John J. Stavola
Hartford, Conn.

Thanks, John, for finding this slip, and for supplying us with the correct answer.

* * *

Dear Editors:

The comics I like most in BLUE BOLT are "Dick Cole," "Edison Bell," "Fearless Fellers," and "Kris-ko and Jasper."

"Sergeant Spook" is thrilling, too. I think the big bully in the December issue is cheating the small boys. He ought to be put behind bars.

I still think BLUE BOLT is tops.

A faithful reader,
Bobby Cherry
Oklahoma City, Okla.

He certainly was cheating the small boys, Bobby. But we think he's mighty sorry for it now.

* * *

Dear Editors:

We wish to draw your attention to "Bluebolts and Nuts" in the December issue of BLUE BOLT. We have enclosed a mistake you made. There are two M's in moment instead of one, so the answer is not right.

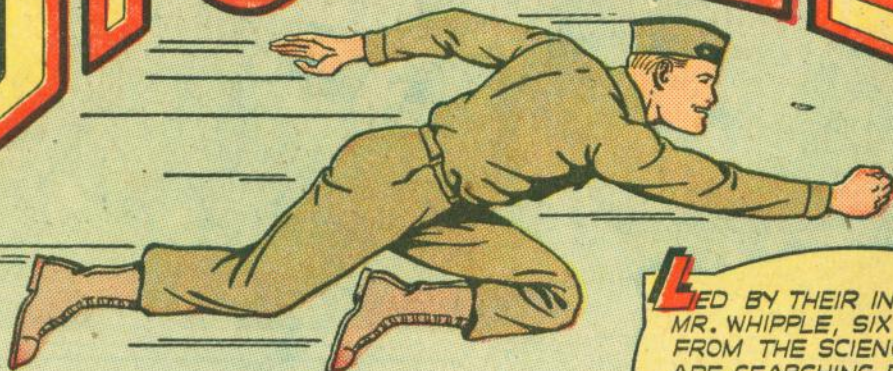
Sincerely yours,
Jo Anne Phenix
Ruthanna Silver
Eaton, Ohio

You're right — we're wrong. Milt Hammer's so unhappy about the whole thing that he is thinking of rubbing out one of the M's in his last name.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE

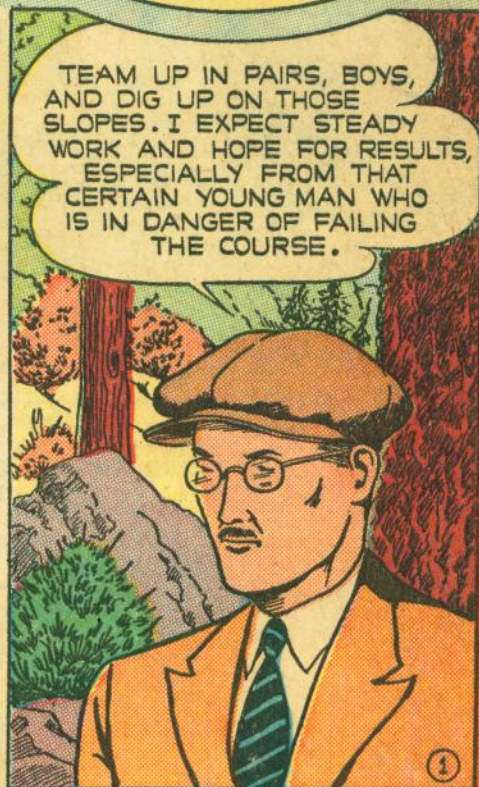


ART BY JIM WILCOX.

THIS TERRAIN IS IDEAL. SOME ANCIENT UPHEAVAL PLAYED TRICKS WITH THIS STRATA. FOR INSTANCE, NO ONE KNOWS WHAT WATERS FEED SHINY LAKE HERE...IT IS PROBABLY SOME UNDERGROUND STREAM FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LED BY THEIR INSTRUCTOR, MR. WHIPPLE, SIX CADETS FROM THE SCIENCE CLASS ARE SEARCHING FOR FOSSILS IN THE ROCKY FOOTHILLS TO THE NORTH OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY. THEY HALT BY A SMALL LAKE.

TEAM UP IN PAIRS, BOYS, AND DIG UP ON THOSE SLOPES. I EXPECT STEADY WORK AND HOPE FOR RESULTS, ESPECIALLY FROM THAT CERTAIN YOUNG MAN WHO IS IN DANGER OF FAILING THE COURSE.



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor
Mel Cummin, Art Director; Jesse C. Rogers, Jr., Associate Editor
Jean Gibson Brundage, Editorial Assistant; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

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THE BOYS
MOVE
OFF.

THE PROF MEANS
ME, DICK. IF I DON'T
GET A GOOD MARK ON
THIS FIELD TEST, I'LL
PROBABLY FLUNK OUT
OF FARR. MY MARKS ARE
LOWER THAN A SNAKE'S
ADAM'S APPLE!

BUCK UP, EDDY. WE'LL
WORK TOGETHER AND
TURN UP SOMETHING
GOOD.

I HOPE SO! I
LOVE FARR AND
I'D HATE TO BE
CANNED FROM THE
PLACE.

SOMETIME LATER..

HEY, DICK,
LOOK OVER THERE.
HERE COMES OLD
PROFESSOR PICKUS
AND HIS DOG
TAGS.

GEE, IF I
WAS AS SMART
AS OLD PICKUS,
IT'D BE A
CINCH.

BUT HE'S HAD A
TOUGH TIME, EDDY. HE
NEVER GOT RECOGNITION
FOR HIS YEARS AS A
PROF OF PALEONTOLOGY.

HE'S RETIRED
NOW AND HIS ONLY
PLEASURE IS TO ROAM
THESE HILLS WITH HIS
DOG. I FEEL SORRY
FOR HIM, EDDY.

UNH-HUH. BUT
I STILL WISH I
HAD HIS BRAINS.
WELL, LET'S
GET DIGGIN'
AGAIN.

AS THE BOYS RETURN
TO WORK, MR. WHIPPLE
COMES UP.

I WANT TO
HELP YOU STAY
IN SCHOOL, BROWN,
BUT ANOTHER OF
YOUR SILLY
BLUNDERS AND
I'LL HAVE TO
FAIL YOU.

I'VE BEEN STUDYING
AWFUL HARD AND I
KNOW THESE FOSSILS
FROM A TO Z AND
BACK AGAIN, SIR.

HMPH!
WELL, WE'LL
SEE!



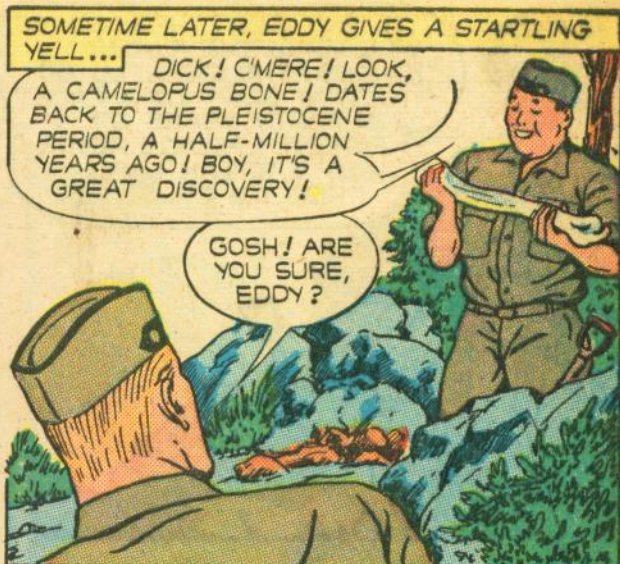
POSITIVE, DICK! SCIENTISTS HAVE
BEEN ARGUING WHETHER THE
CAMELOPUS EVER LIVED IN THIS
AREA, AND HERE'S PROOF IT DID!
AND THERE ARE **MORE BONES**
IN THAT
HOLE!



SOMETIME LATER, EDDY GIVES A STARTLING
YELL...

DICK! C'MERE! LOOK,
A CAMELOPUS BONE! DATES
BACK TO THE PLEISTOCENE
PERIOD, A HALF-MILLION
YEARS AGO! BOY, IT'S A
GREAT DISCOVERY!

GOSH! ARE
YOU SURE,
EDDY?



BE CAREFUL
PUTTING THE BONES
IN THE BAGS, EDDY.
THEY'RE PRETTY
FRAGILE.

GOLLY, WHAT A
BREAK! NOW MAYBE
I'LL PASS! LET'S
GO AND FIND MR.
WHIPPLE!



AS THE BOYS HURRY AWAY TO FIND MR. WHIPPLE,
A MAN AND A DOG SCRAMBLE DOWN OVER THE
ROCKS...

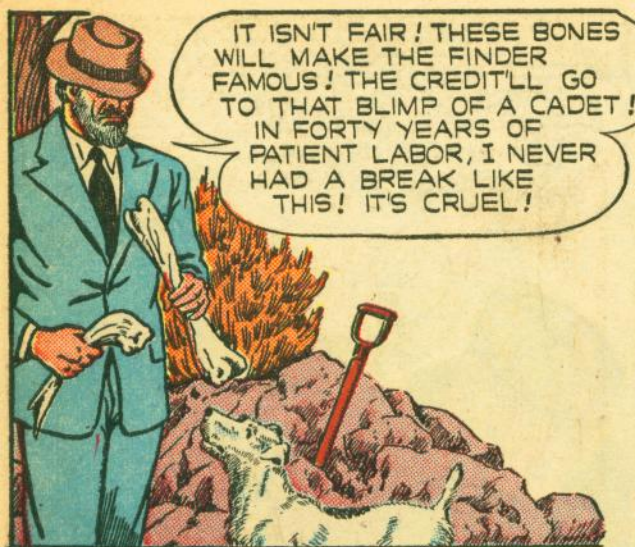
COME, TAGS,
LET'S SEE WHAT
EXCITED THOSE BOYS.
THEY FOUND SOME-
THING, MAYBE A
BONE BURIED
BY YOU.

ARF!
ARF!



GREAT SCOTT! PERFECTLY
PRESERVED BONES OF THE
CAMELOPUS! WHAT A STIR
THIS WILL MAKE
IN PALEONTOLOGY
CIRCLES!





IT ISN'T FAIR! THESE BONES WILL MAKE THE FINDER FAMOUS! THE CREDIT'LL GO TO THAT BLIMP OF A CADET! IN FORTY YEARS OF PATIENT LABOR, I NEVER HAD A BREAK LIKE THIS! IT'S CRUEL!



AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I FEEL ENTITLED TO SOME FAME! RIGHT, TAGS? I'M GOING TO SUBSTITUTE THOSE HORSE BONES WE FOUND BY THE DEAD

BEECH. IT WON'T MATTER TO THE BOY...IT'S MY LIFE'S WORK TO ME.

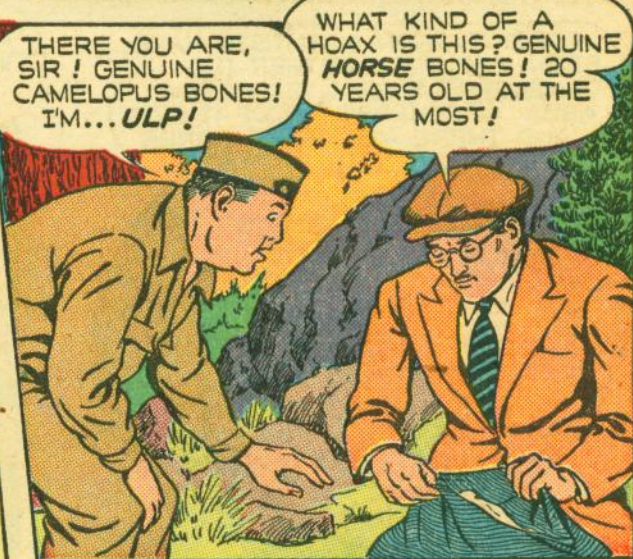
ARF!
ARF!

PROFESSOR PICKUS MAKES THE SUBSTITUTION OF THE BONES. THEN HE AND HIS DOG DEPART. SOON...



EDWARD BROWN, IF THIS IS A WILD-GOOSE CHASE, YOU'LL REGRET IT!

JUST WAIT AND SEE, SIR. THE BONES ARE RIGHT OVER THERE.



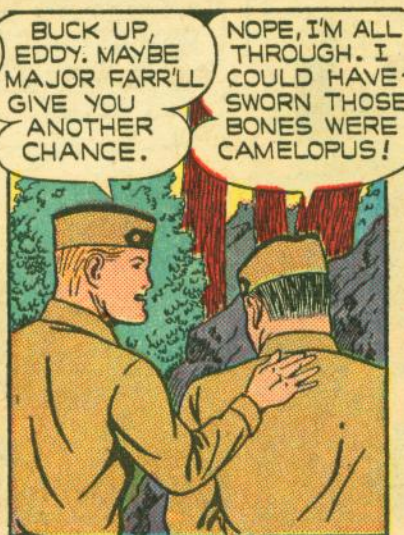
THERE YOU ARE, SIR! GENUINE CAMELOPUS BONES! I'M... ULP!

WHAT KIND OF A HOAX IS THIS? GENUINE HORSE BONES! 20 YEARS OLD AT THE MOST!



YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, BROWN! SUCH STUPIDITY I CANNOT EXCUSE! YOU STUDIED? **BAH!**

AND MR. WHIPPLE STALKS AWAY...



BUCK UP, EDDY. MAYBE MAJOR FARR'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE.

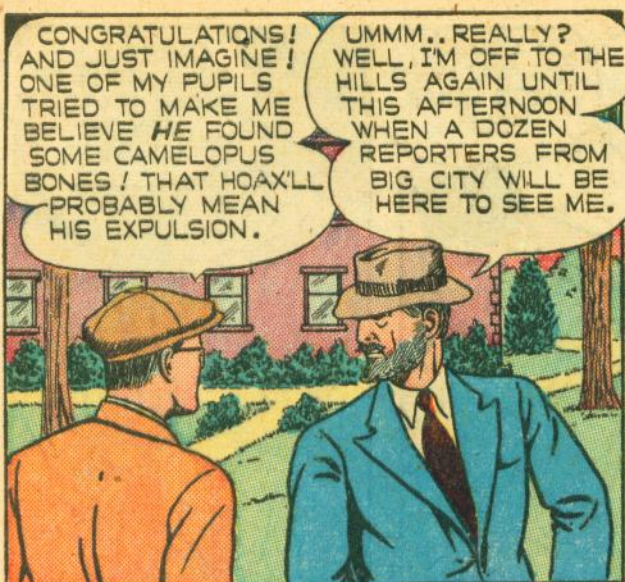
NOPE, I'M ALL THROUGH. I COULD HAVE SWORN THOSE BONES WERE CAMELOPUS!



NEXT DAY ON THE FARR CAMPUS.

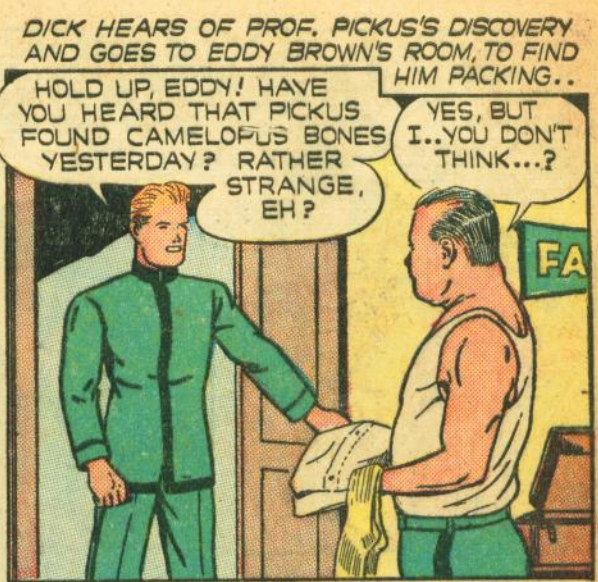
WHY, HOW ARE YOU, PROFESSOR PICKUS? YOU SEEM ELATED!

I'VE JUST UNEARTHED EVIDENCE PROVING THE CAMELOPUS ONCE ROAMED THIS AREA!



CONGRATULATIONS!
AND JUST IMAGINE!
ONE OF MY PUPILS
TRIED TO MAKE ME
BELIEVE HE FOUND
SOME CAMELOPUS
BONES! THAT HOAX'LL
PROBABLY MEAN
HIS EXPULSION.

UMMM.. REALLY?
WELL, I'M OFF TO THE
HILLS AGAIN UNTIL
THIS AFTERNOON
WHEN A DOZEN
REPORTERS FROM
BIG CITY WILL BE
HERE TO SEE ME.



HOLD UP, EDDY! HAVE
YOU HEARD THAT PICKUS
FOUND CAMELOPUS BONES
YESTERDAY? RATHER
STRANGE,
EH?

DICK HEARS OF PROF. PICKUS'S DISCOVERY
AND GOES TO EDDY BROWN'S ROOM, TO FIND
HIM PACKING..

YES, BUT
I..YOU DON'T
THINK...?



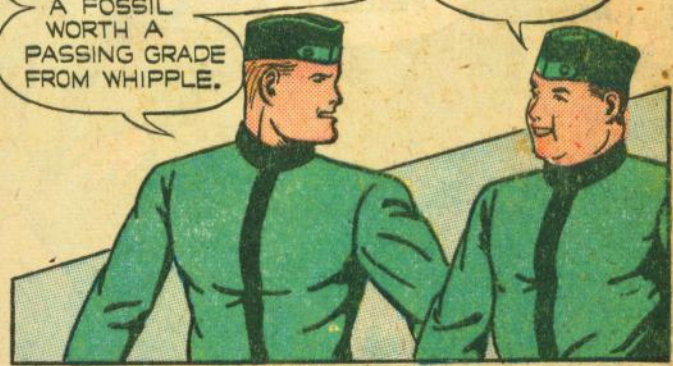
JEEPERS! DO
YOU THINK PICKUS
COULD HAVE
MEDDLED WITH
THOSE BONES
I FOUND?

SOMETHING
SEEMS FISHY WHEN
TWO PEOPLE FIND
BONES OF THE
CAMELOPUS THE
SAME DAY!

A SHORT CONFERENCE WHILE EDDY DRESSES—
THEN THE BOYS, GRASPING AT A STRAW, HEAD
FROM FARR INTO THE HILLS.

MAYBE WE CAN'T PROVE
WHAT I SUSPECT, BUT AT
WORST WE MIGHT FIND
A FOSSIL
WORTH A
PASSING GRADE
FROM WHIPPLE.

IT'S WORTH
THE TRY, DICK.
SO LET'S
HURRY.



AS THE BOYS ENTER THE
HILLS THEY HEAR A
SHRILL CRY.

HELP,
SOMEBODY,
HELP!



EDDY! THAT
SOUNDS LIKE-
LIKE...IT IS!
PROF. PICKUS
IS IN TROUBLE!
COME ON!



WHAT'S
WRONG,
PROFESSOR?

MY DOG, TAGS!
HE FELL DOWN
THAT CREVICE!
OH, HELP HIM!

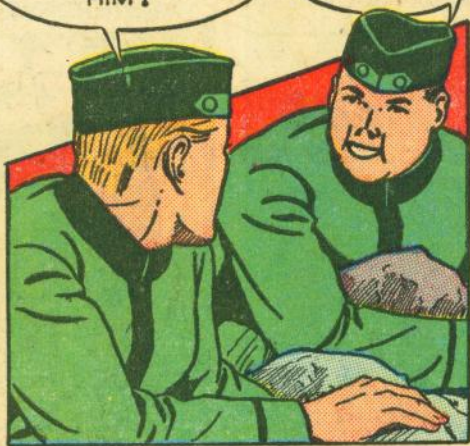


THERE HE IS, UNDER THAT JUTTING LEDGE. SEE? SOME 20 FEET DOWN.

OH, YES. HE SEEMS TO BE ALL RIGHT.

THE SIDES ARE UNEVEN, EDDY. I'M GOING TO STRADDLE DOWN AND GET HIM!

I'M COMING, TOO. YOU MIGHT NEED SOME HELP.



CAREFUL, BOYS, SOME OF THOSE BOULDERS MAY BE LOOSE!

AS THEY REACH THE BOTTOM, AN OMINOUS RUMBLE SOUNDS ABOVE THEM!

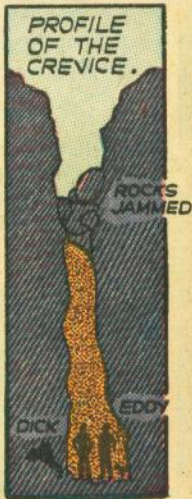


HI, TAGS! YOU ALL RIGHT, OLD FELLOW?

DICK! THE CREVICE IS CAVING IN!



GOOD GRIEF! SOME LOOSE BOULDERS HAVE TUMBLED AND LODGED HALFWAY DOWN THE SHAFT! WE'RE TRAPPED!



PROFILE OF THE CREVICE.

ROCKS JAMMED

DICK EDDY

DESPERATELY THE BOYS GROPE AROUND IN THE DARK. SUDDENLY...



EDDY, COME HERE! I'VE FOUND A SMALL OPENING TO A CAVE. MAYBE IT'S A WAY OUT OF THIS MESS.

ARF! ARF-ARF!

GOSH, DICK, I HOPE YOU ARE RIGHT!

AND ABOVE.



OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE! THERE IS NO WAY THAT I CAN HELP! THOSE ROCKS WEIGH A TON!

AND TO THINK I CHEATED THAT BOY WHO HAS JUST GIVEN HIS LIFE FOR MY DOG! OH, IF I COULD **ONLY** MAKE AMENDS!



MEANWHILE THE BOYS BELOW ENTER THE SMALL CAVE, WHICH WIDENS INTO A LARGE CAVERN WITH A STREAM.

LOOK, DICK, A SUBTERRANEAN STREAM!

YES! LET'S FOLLOW IT. IT MUST FLOW TO THE SURFACE SOMEWHERE NOT TOO FAR OFF.



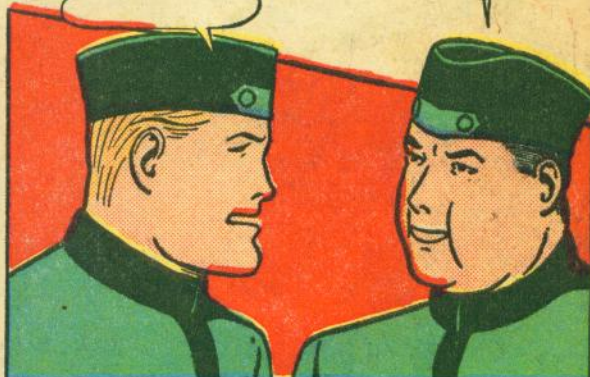
THE BOYS FOLLOW THE STREAM FOR SOME DISTANCE, UNTIL...

GOOD GRIEF! DEAD END! THE STREAM CONTINUES BUT THE CAVE ENDS HERE!

THEN WE'RE TRAPPED FOR GOOD! THERE'S NO ESCAPE! OO-OH!

EDDY! MAYBE . THIS UNDERGROUND STREAM IS THE ONE THAT FEEDS SHINY LAKE. REMEMBER WHIPPLE SAID THERE MUST BE SOME SUCH SOURCE.

SO WHAT? HOW DOES THAT HELP US?



INSTEAD OF DYING A SLOW DEATH HERE, WE CAN TRY SWIMMING UNDERWATER TO SHINY LAKE.

IT'S A VERY SLIM CHANCE IF YOU ASK ME, DICK!

BUT IT'S OUR **ONLY** CHANCE! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT! THIS SPOT IS NOT FAR FROM THE LAKE. WITH LUCK, WE SHOULD MAKE IT. OFF WITH THE DUDS!

WE-E-LL, OKAY.



BR-R-R! IT'S CHILLY AND THAT WATER LOOKS COLD AND MIGHTY SWIFT!

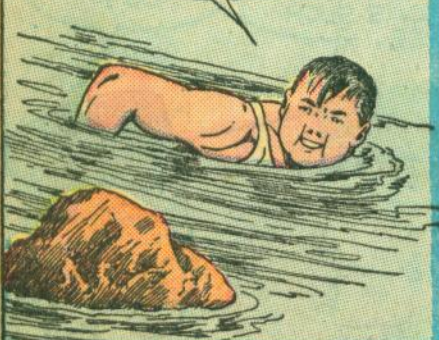
GOOD! THAT'S WHAT I COUNT ON TO GET US THROUGH...WELL, LET'S GO!



DICK SEIZES TAGS AND THE BOYS PLUNGE IN...



LOW BRIDGE, DICK...BETTER DUCK!



DICK, TAGS AND EDDY GO UNDERWATER...



TWO MINUTES, THIRTY SECONDS... THEN...



AS LUNGS ARE REACHING THE BURSTING POINT AND LIGHTS FLASH BEFORE THEIR EYES, THEY SUDDENLY BOB TO THE SURFACE OF SHINY LAKE.

(GASP) WE ..MADE IT... (GASP)

AAAH... FRESH AIR... AAA-H!

ARF! ARF!



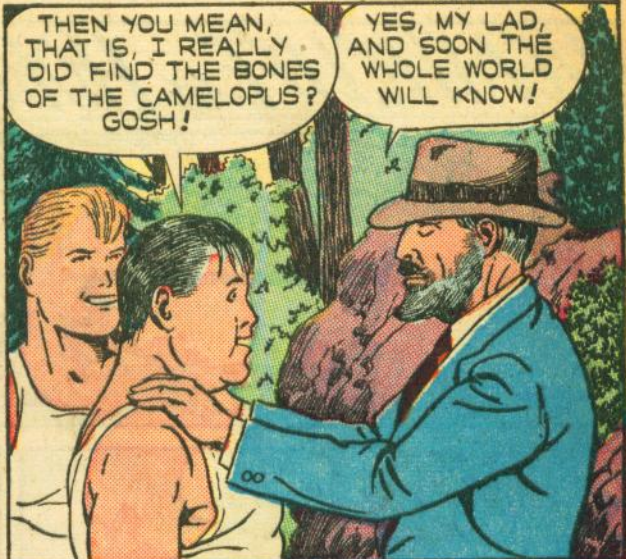
THEY CLAMBER ONTO THE SHORE AND GINGERLY MAKE THEIR WAY OVER THE ROUGH TERRAIN UNTIL...

FINALLY THEY REACH THE DISTRACTED PROFESSOR.

MERCIFUL HEAVENS! AM I SEEING GHOSTS? NO...IT IS YOU! BUT HOW DID YOU GET OUT? AND TAGS! TAGS! COME HERE, BOY!



QUESTION No. 4. Is the ghost in "Hamlet," Hamlet's father, brother or son?



SOMETIME LATER BACK AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY.

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS, THE DISCOVERY OF THE CAMELOPUS BONES, A BRILLIANT PIECE OF WORK, WAS MADE BY EDWARD BROWN, A CADET HERE AT FARR. I HAD ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!

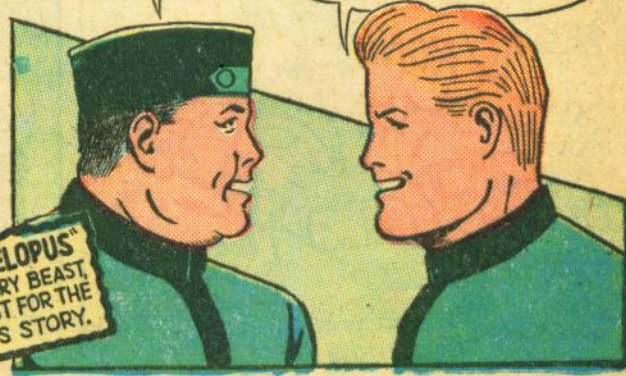


LATER. WELL, BROWN, I WISH TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU ARE PASSING THE COURSE WITH HONORS.

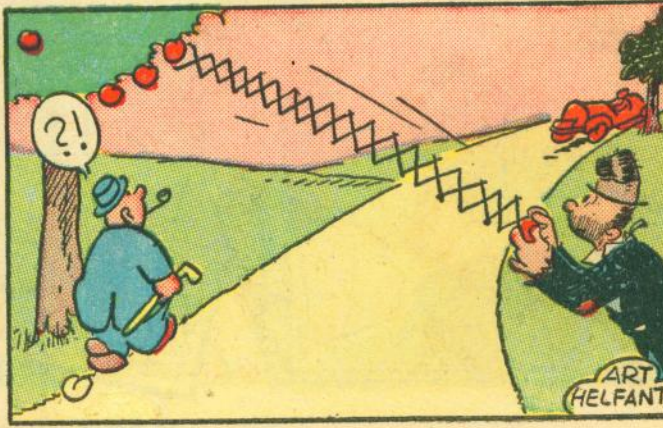
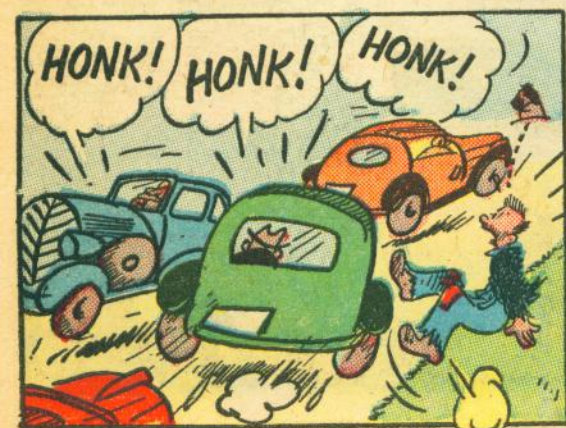
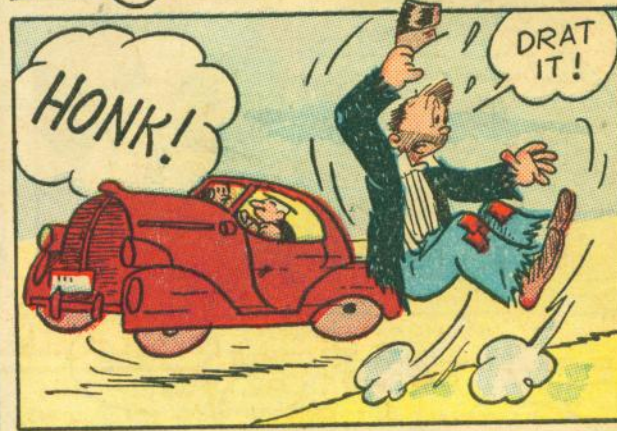
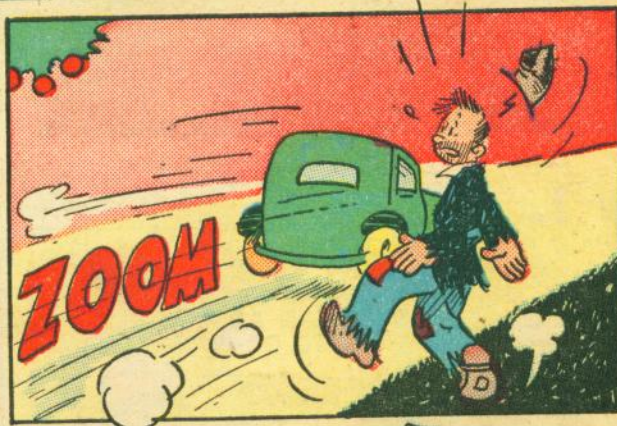
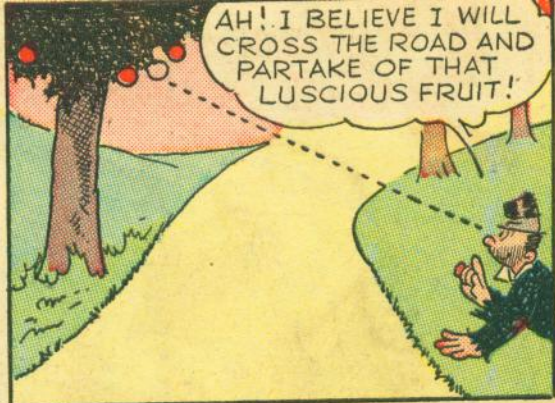
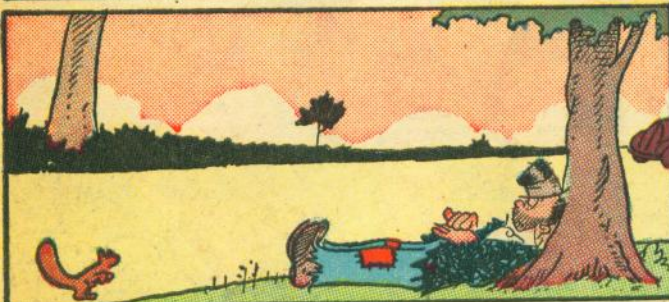


DICK! WHIPPLE PASSED ME WITH HONORS! I'M STILL A STUDENT AT FARR! WHOOP-E-E!

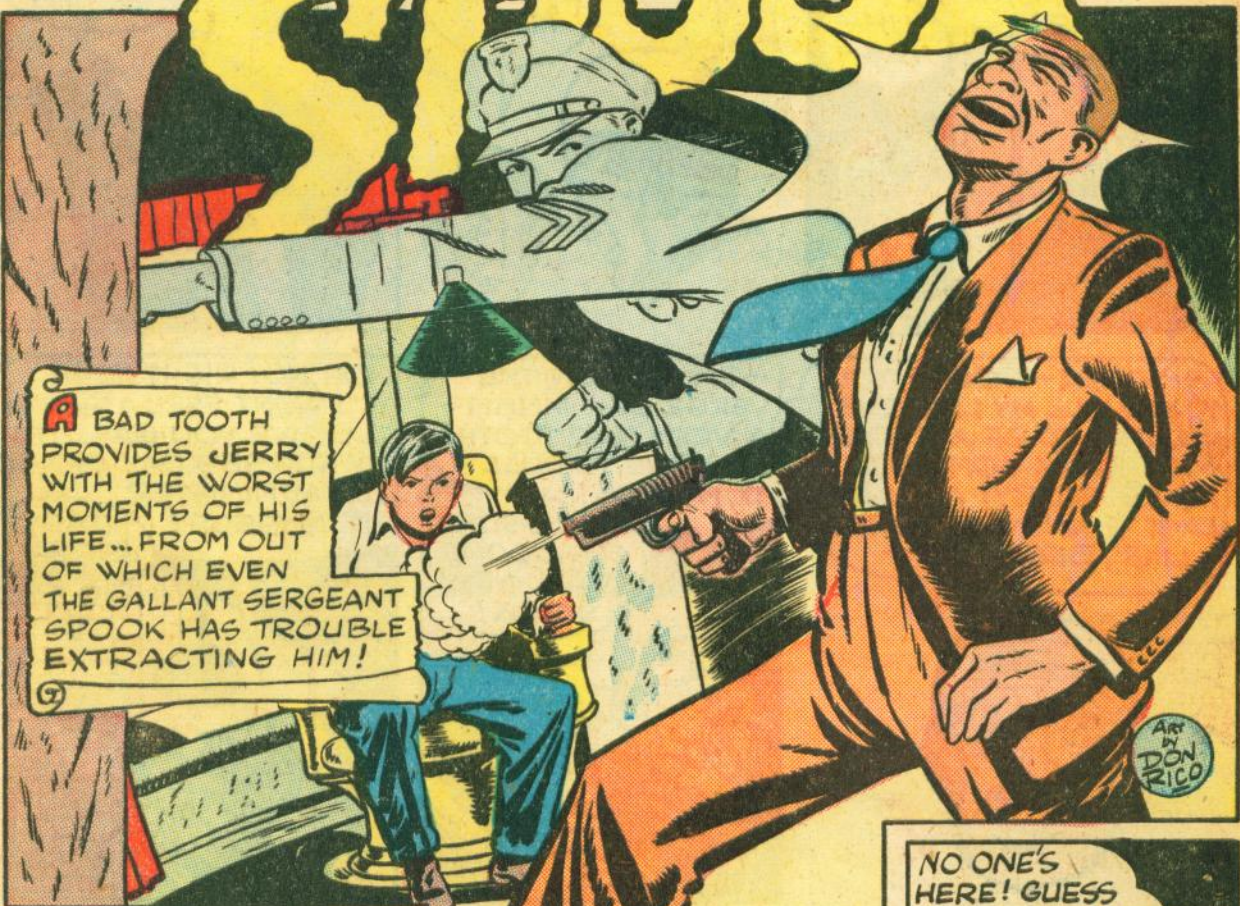
YOU SURE HAD A BONE TO PICK WITH PICKUS, BUT THE PROF PROVED HE WASN'T SUCH A MEAN OLD FOSSIL AFTER ALL, EH, EDDY?



HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO



Sergeant Spook



A BAD TOOTH PROVIDES JERRY WITH THE WORST MOMENTS OF HIS LIFE...FROM OUT OF WHICH EVEN THE GALLANT SERGEANT SPOOK HAS TROUBLE EXTRACTING HIM!

ART BY DON RICO

TODAY WE FIND JERRY IN VERY GREAT TROUBLE!

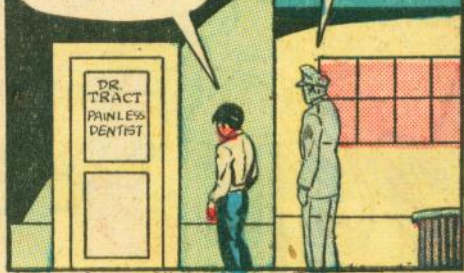
OOOH!
MY TOOTH!
GROAN!
GROAN!

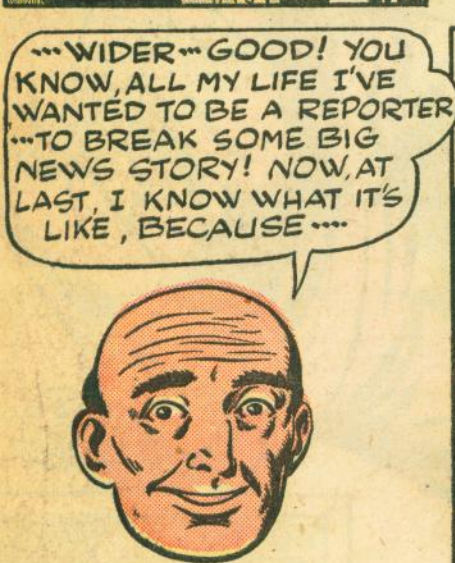
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT SOON, JERRY! THE DENTIST WILL FIX IT UP!

WELL...THIS IS IT! I HOPE HE'S NOT KIDDING ABOUT THAT "PAINLESS" STUFF!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL GO IN WITH YOU!

NO ONE'S HERE! GUESS I'LL COME BACK TOMORROW OR SOMETHING! HOLD ON! YOU'RE GOING TO WAIT!





YOU'LL
BE FAST
ASLEEP
SOON!

EXCUSE ME,
DOC... BUT
I GOTTA TALK
TO YOU
OUTSIDE!



IT'S IMPORTANT...
ABOUT THAT TIE.
YOU JUST
BOUGHT!



THE TIE! ...OH, VERY
WELL! I'LL TURN OFF THE
GAS... BUT I CAN GIVE YOU
ONLY A MINUTE!



AS SOON
AS THE
DENTIST
STEPS
OUTSIDE...

WELL, WHAT
ABOUT THE--
OH! OH!
A GUN!
OOH!

STOP THE NOISE, OR
I'LL LET YOU HAVE
IT! NOW... GET IN
THAT CAR...



MEANWHILE, SPOOK HEARS
THE DOC'S CRY, AND...

SOMETHING'S
WRONG! HE'S IN
TROUBLE!



THEY'RE GONE! THAT CAR! DOC MUST HAVE
BEEN KIDNAPPED! I'LL HAVE TO SHAKE
JERRY OUT OF IT! LUCKY HE WASN'T
GIVEN A FULL DOSE
OF GAS!



JERRY!
JERRY!
WAKE
UP!

HUH! WHAT'S
GOING ON?
HUH?

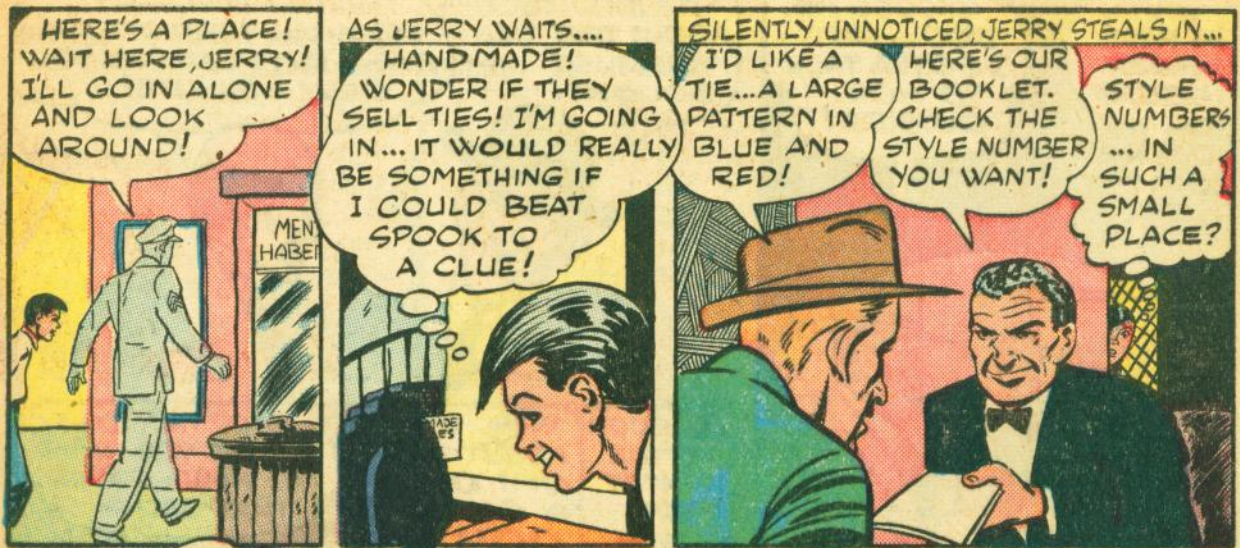


WHEN SPOOK TELLS WHAT HAPPENED...

...AND THE THUG
SAID HE WANTED TO
SPEAK ABOUT THE TIE?
THEN THE TIE MUST BE
THE IMPORTANT ANGLE!
HE MUST'VE STUMBLER
ONTO SOMETHING
BIG WHERE HE
BOUGHT IT!

IF ONLY WE CAN
FIND OUT WHERE!
HE SAID SOME
PLACE IN THE
NEIGHBORHOOD.





IN A SHACK HIDEOUT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, JERRY JOINS THE IMPRISONED DR. TRACT!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

SO YOU DON'T KNOW, EH? TELL HIM, DOC!

I DISCOVERED THAT THE BASEMENT SHOP WAS A BLIND FOR THE NUMBERS GAME! THAT'S WHY THEY USED THE DODGE ABOUT ASKING CUSTOMERS TO PICK THE STYLE NUMBERS!



YEAH! AND WE'RE GOIN' ON WITH THE NUMBERS RACKET... MINUS YOU TWO!

...MAYBE... IT'S WORTH A TRY...

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! DOC'S NURSE KNOWS I WENT TO YOUR SHOP... IF I'M NOT BACK IN ANOTHER FIFTEEN MINUTES, SHE'LL GET THE POLICE!



SHE WON'T GET THE CHANCE, CHUM! WE'LL PICK HER UP RIGHT NOW! ... FINGERS, YOU STAY HERE AND TAKE CARE OF THINGS!

LEAVE IT TO ME!



MEANWHILE, SPOOK WAITS ... AND WAITS ...!

WHERE DID JERRY WANDER TO? HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM! TWO MORE MINUTES, AND I'LL START HUNTING FOR HIM!



SUDDENLY...!

NO SIGN OF A NURSE! THAT KID PULLED A FAST ONE! LET'S GET BACK!

THAT'S THE MUG WHO CAME INTO TRACT'S OFFICE... AND THAT'S THE CAR! THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY!

QUICKLY, SPOOK
HOPS ON THE
CAR, AND...



WE'RE GETTING NEAR THE
OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN! I'LL
GET THE DOPE ON THIS!

WHEN THE CAR GETS
TO THE SHACK -----

I SET THE TIME
BOMB! I SET THE
TIME BOMB! IT'LL
GO OFF IN A
MINUTE!

GREAT!
GHOSTS!
I'VE GOT TO
GET IN
THERE!



A
BREATH-
TAKING
DASH,
AND...

SPOOK! IT
WORKED! I WAS
HOPING YOU'D...

THERE'S NO TIME TO
LOSE! GET OUT FAST!
A TIME BOMB IS
SET IN HERE!



SAY!
W-WHO'S
UNTYING
ME?

TELL HIM,
JERRY!

GET
GOING!
A BOMB'S
GOING TO
GO OFF!

HURRY!

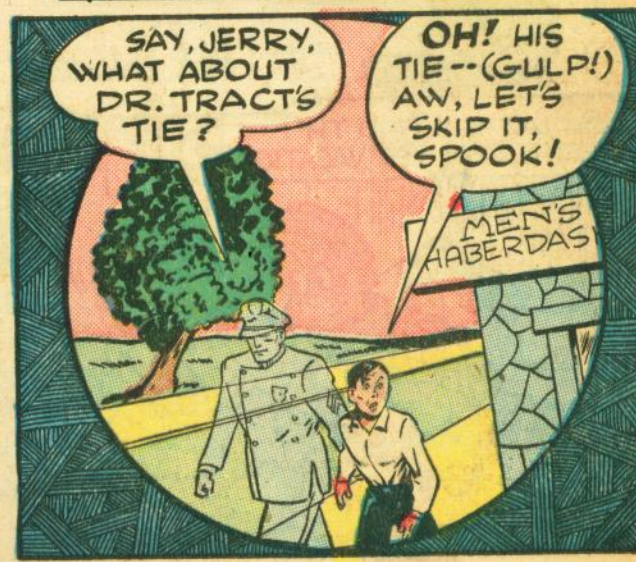
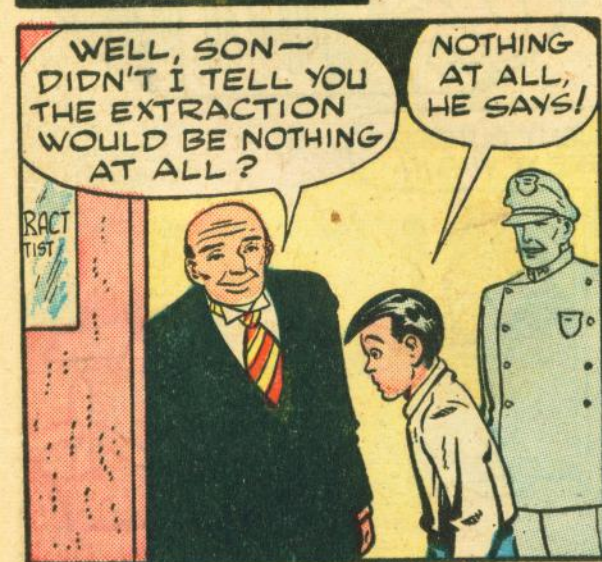
WHAT'S THAT
SIZZLING
SOUND?



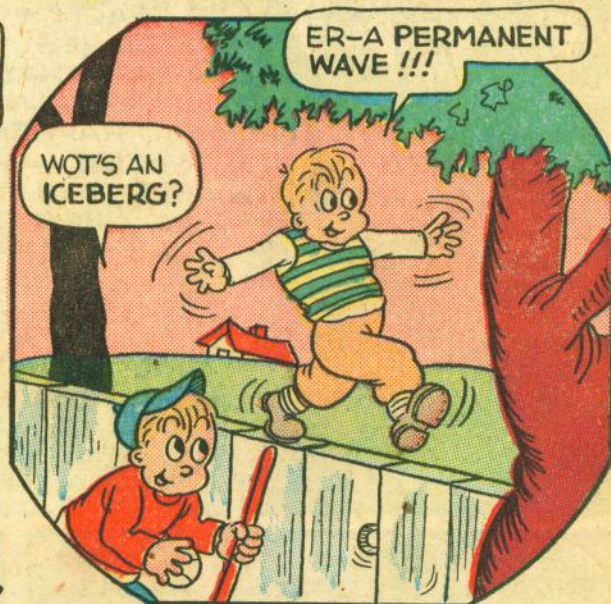
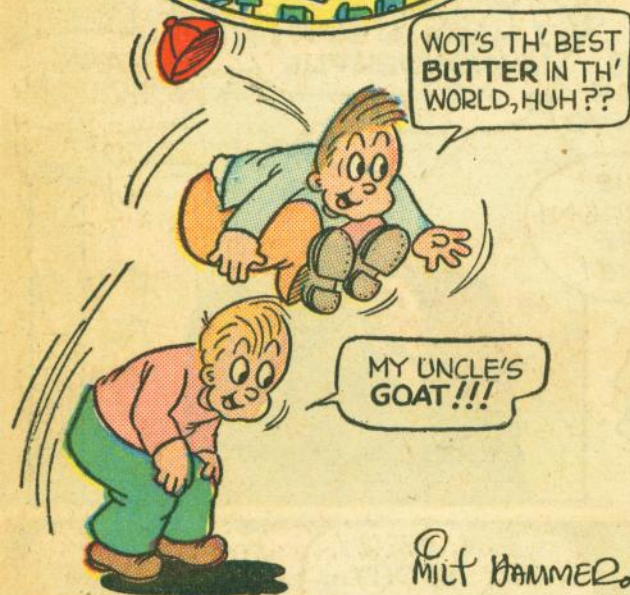
A SPLIT-SECOND LATER...



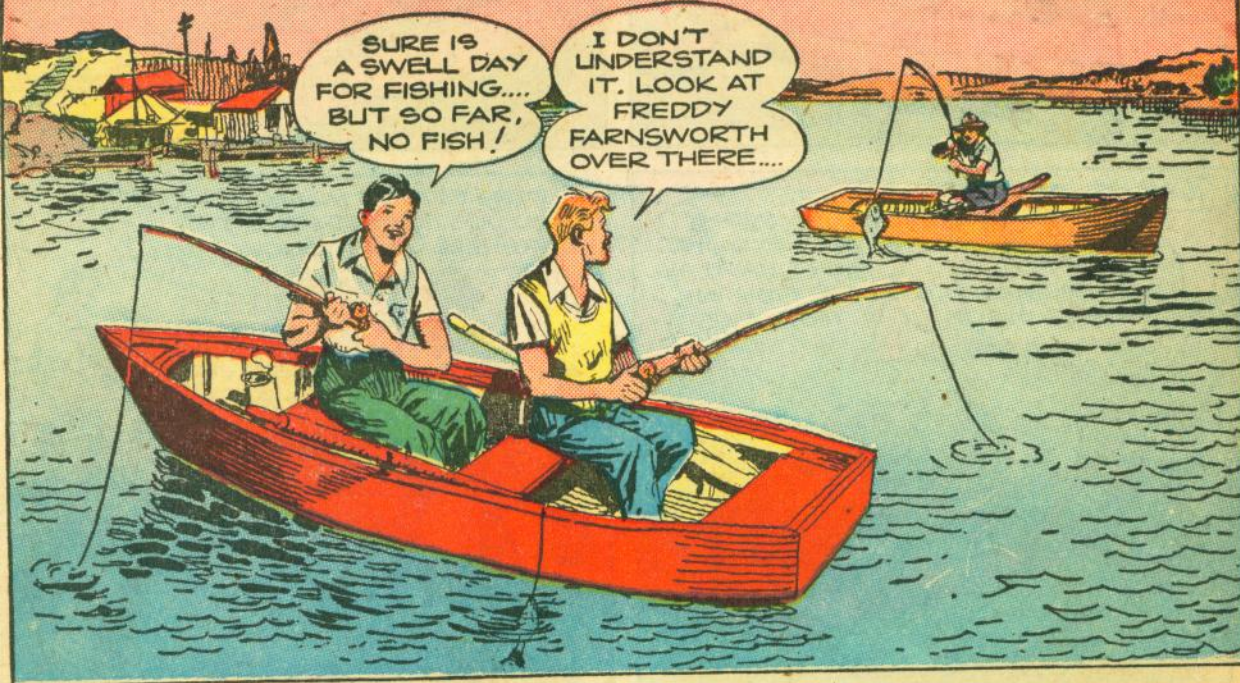
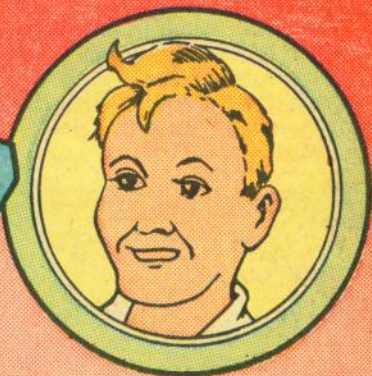
Q UESTION No. 7. The atomic bomb was used against what two Japanese cities?



BLUE BOLT and KIDS



Edison Bell



SURE IS
A SWELL DAY
FOR FISHING....
BUT SO FAR,
NO FISH!

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
IT. LOOK AT
FREDDY
FARNSWORTH
OVER THERE....



HE MUST
HAVE CAUGHT
A DOZEN
BY NOW.
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH US,
JERRY?

DARNED
IF I KNOW.
LET'S TAKE
A LOOK
AT OUR
LINES.



OH, WELL...
FISHERMAN'S
LUCK.
YOU CAN
NEVER
TELL.

THIS LOOKS
LIKE MORE
THAN LUCK
TO ME.
AFTER ALL,
WE'RE IN
THE SAME
LAKE!



THESE OLD
WORMS WE
DUG THIS
MORNING
LOOK AS
DEJECTED
AS I DO.

MINE, TOO....
SAY! FREDDY'S
GOING IN.
LET'S TRY
OVER THERE
WHERE HE
WAS.



I HOPE WE CAN CHANGE OUR LUCK OVER THERE. I'LL FEEL AWFULLY SILLY AFTER A WHOLE DAY OF FISHING, BRINGING HOME ONE MEASLY LITTLE FISH!



WELL, HERE GOES... AND HERE'S HOPING!..

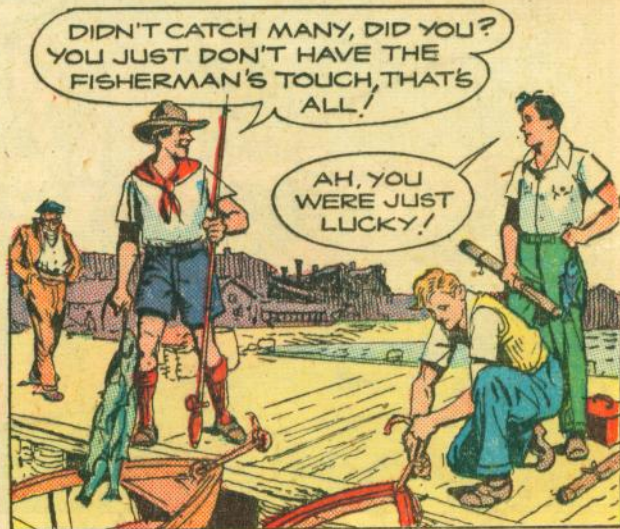
WELL I'LL BE...LOOK! THERE COMES FREDDY BACK AGAIN, AND HE'S WORKING RIGHT WHERE WE WERE BEFORE!



TWO HOURS LATER....

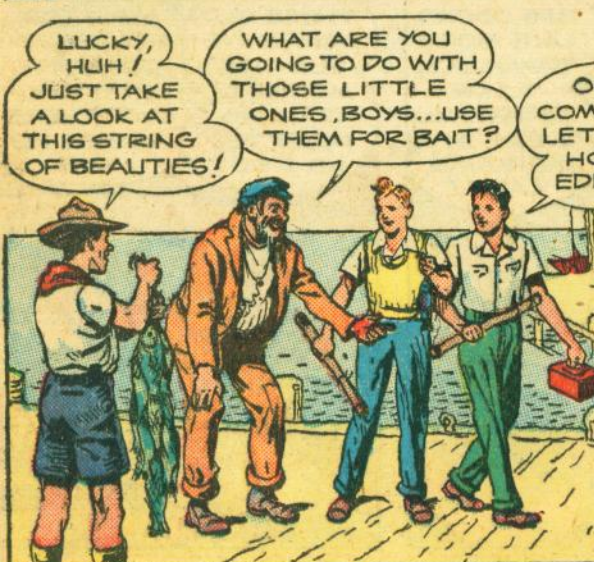
GUESS WE MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP. FREDDY'S COMING IN, TOO.

HE MIGHT AS WELL...HE MUST HAVE ALL THE FISH IN THE LAKE BY NOW.



DIDN'T CATCH MANY, DID YOU? YOU JUST DON'T HAVE THE FISHERMAN'S TOUCH, THAT'S ALL!

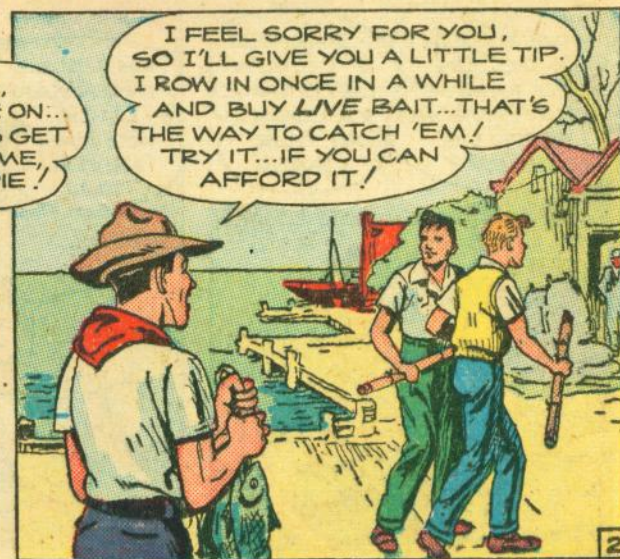
AH, YOU WERE JUST LUCKY!



LUCKY, HUH! JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THIS STRING OF BEAUTIES!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THOSE LITTLE ONES, BOYS...USE THEM FOR BAIT?

OH, COME ON... LET'S GET HOME, EDDIE!



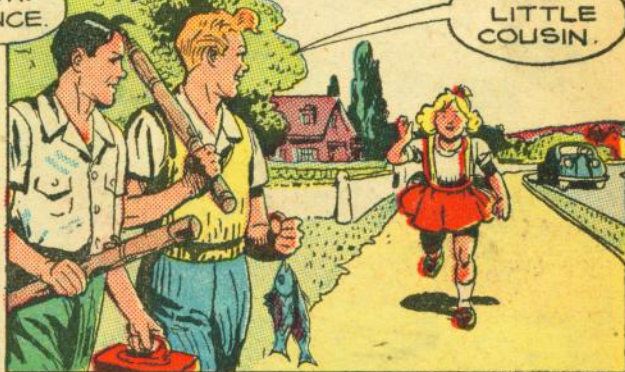
I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU, SO I'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE TIP. I ROW IN ONCE IN A WHILE AND BUY LIVE BAIT...THAT'S THE WAY TO CATCH 'EM! TRY IT...IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT!

THAT SMART-ALECK!
HE KNOWS WE HAVEN'T
GOT MUCH MONEY...AND
HE'S GOT TOO MUCH
FOR HIS OWN GOOD!
"IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT,"
HE SAYS!

NO USE
GETTING MAD.
HE'S RIGHT-
YOU KNOW THAT.
BUT I CAN'T AFFORD
TO KEEP BUYING
LIVE BAIT ON MY
ALLOWANCE.

NEITHER CAN I,
BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?
THOSE WORMS WE DIG UP
ARE JUST TOO TIRED
TO WIGGLE AFTER
A FEW HOURS.

I KNOW.
SAY, HERE
COMES
YOUR
LITTLE
COUSIN.



HELLO, JERRY...
GOSH, WHAT CLUTE
LITTLE FISH!
WOULD YOU GIVE
'EM TO ME?
THEY'RE TOO SMALL
TO EAT. GEE,
IF THEY WERE
ALIVE, I'D
KEEP 'EM IN
A CAGE!

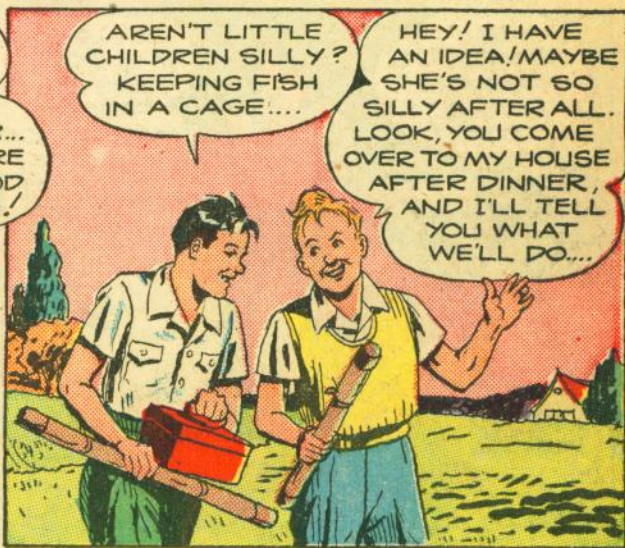
YOU DON'T
KEEP FISH
IN A CAGE,
SMALL
FRY!

OH,
LET'S
GIVE
THEM
TO HER...
THEY'RE
NO GOOD
TO US!



AREN'T LITTLE
CHILDREN SILLY?
KEEPING FISH
IN A CAGE....

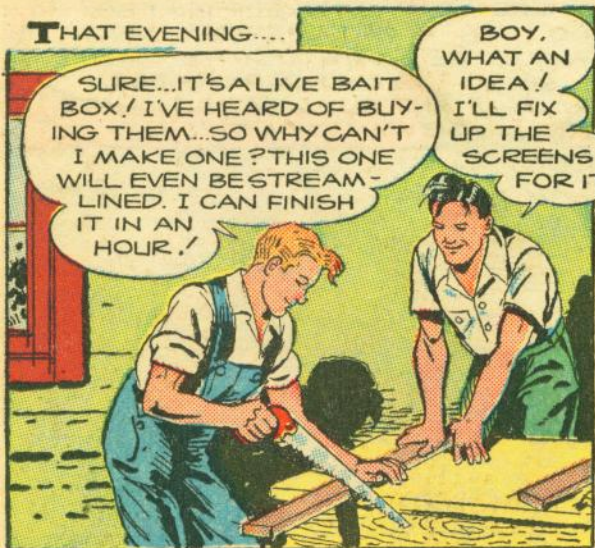
HEY! I HAVE
AN IDEA! MAYBE
SHE'S NOT SO
SILLY AFTER ALL.
LOOK, YOU COME
OVER TO MY HOUSE
AFTER DINNER,
AND I'LL TELL
YOU WHAT
WE'LL DO....



THAT EVENING....

SURE...IT'S A LIVE BAIT
BOX! I'VE HEARD OF BUY-
ING THEM...SO WHY CAN'T
I MAKE ONE? THIS ONE
WILL EVEN BE STREAM-
LINED. I CAN FINISH
IT IN AN
HOUR!

BOY,
WHAT AN
IDEA!
I'LL FIX
UP THE
SCREENS
FOR IT.



ALMOST FINISHED...
BUT I JUST THOUGHT
OF SOMETHING.
WHERE DO WE GET THE
LIVE BAIT
TO PUT
IN IT?

I'LL BET OLD
MAN JONES AT
THE BAIT SHOP
WOULD GIVE US
SOME, IF
WE SHARED
OUR CATCH
WITH HIM.



EARLY NEXT MORNING...

SOUNDS LIKE A PRETTY FAIR PROPOSITION TO ME, FELLERS. STEP INSIDE.

HERE'S YER BAIT, BOYS. THET'S A MIGHTY FINE-LOOKING CONTRAPTION YE HAVE THERE.... COME BACK AND LET ME LOOK AT IT LATER.

THANKS, MR. JONES... WE SURE WILL!

NOW! IF ONLY THE FISH ARE BITING TODAY!

HEY..DUCK THE BOX! HERE COMES FREDDY, AND I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

WELL, WELL! NEVER GIVE UP, DO YOU?

NEVER DO! AND FURTHERMORE... HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BET YOUR CATCH AGAINST OURS, THAT WE CATCH MORE THAN YOU DO?

YOU'RE ON! EVEN THOUGH ALL I'LL WIN WILL BE A COUPLE OF SARDINES!

DON'T BE TOO SURE, CHUM! WAIT TILL WE COUNT THEM!

HERE WE GO...THIS SHOULD BE GREAT FUN!

LET'S KEEP THAT BOX OUT OF FREDDY'S SIGHT... HE'S JUST THE ONE TO CALL OFF THE BET!

QUESTION No. 9. In what sport are bets made to win, to place or to show?

PHEW! HERE COMES
ANOTHER ONE! HOW
MANY DOES THAT
MAKE?

WITH THIS
ONE I'VE GOT,
IT'S ABOUT
FIFTEEN
APIECE



HERE COMES
FREDDY AGAIN.
HE MUST HAVE
BEEN IN FOR BAIT
AT LEAST
FIVE TIMES.

IF HE ONLY KNEW!
SAY, LET'S CALL
IT OFF...HE CAN'T
POSSIBLY BEAT
US NOW.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER....

HAND 'EM OVER,
FREDDY OLD BOY!
NO USE COUNTING-
YOU CAN SEE
WE'VE WON!

ALL RIGHT...ALL RIGHT!
BUT THERE'S SOME-
THING FISHY ABOUT
THIS!



I GUESS
WE TAUGHT
HIM A
LESSON,
HUH?

BOY! I HOPE
I CAN CARRY
ALL THIS!

HELLO,
FELLERS!
QUITE
A CATCH!



SURE IS,
MR JONES!
WE'LL GIVE
YOU YOUR
SHARE.

NEVER MIND, BOYS...YOU
KEEP 'EM. BUT THAT'S A
MIGHTY SLICK BOX YOU'VE
GOT...LOTS OF MY CUSTOMERS
WOULD LIKE 'EM. I'LL GIVE YE
THREE DOLLARS APIECE FER ANY
YE MAKE FER ME. HOW'S THET?

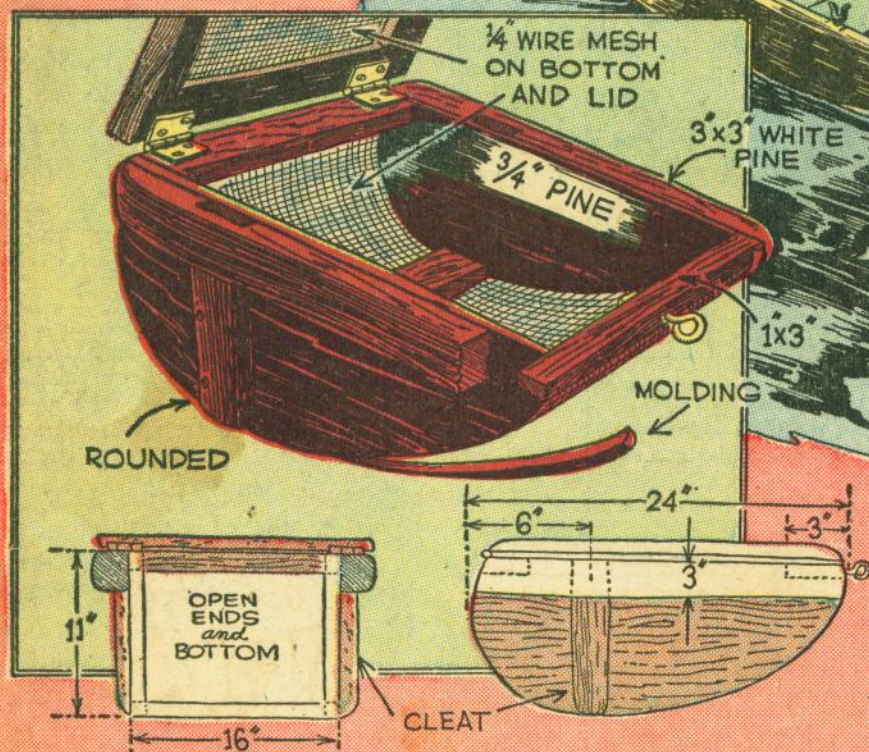
SWELL, MR.
JONES! WE'RE
IN
BUSINESS!



BAIT BOX

IS EASY TO
MAKE...

WHITE PINE IS BEST FOR THE SIDES *and* FRAME, BECAUSE OF ITS BUOYANCY *and* STRENGTH. IF THE FLOATS ARE BIG ENOUGH (3"x3"), THEY WILL SUPPORT SEVERAL BOTTLES OF POP *and* KEEP THEM COLD.... ALL THE SCREEN WIRE SHOULD BE COVERED WITH MOLDING ALONG THE EDGES, TO KEEP IT FROM CATCHING IN WEEDS, CLOTHES, ETC...



NOTE THAT THE BOX IS LARGE ENOUGH
TO KEEP YOUR CATCH ALIVE.....

PAIN'T THE BOX ANYTHING BUT WHITE OR LIGHT COLORS, BECAUSE THE GLARE OF REFLECTED LIGHT IS HARMFUL TO MINNOWS....

THE GIANT OF MYOPAC

by Dean Shaw

"STROKE... stroke... stroke..."

Swiftly the three shells sped past the Myopac Camp site with No. 2 well in the lead. Peter, from his position on the bank of Lake Masookic knew that Jerry Lester would be in Shell No. 2. Jerry was always with the winning side. Peter thought again how nice it would be to change places with Jerry.

Oh, not that he minded being on the side lines too much. He could stand that well enough. The braces on his legs would never permit him to enter into the competitive games. What hurt was that the fellows just didn't accept him.

He wasn't one of them. They didn't slap him on the back and say: "How' ya Pete, old boy. Coming down for a swim?"

Aw, what was the use, he didn't swim anyway. He'd make a fool of himself if he tried. He should be glad that the kids didn't take too much notice of him, or they might call him Clubfoot, like they did around home.

Peter threw a small pebble into the lake and watched the ripples expend themselves. It was a mistake, his coming here to Camp Myopac. Once, after he had

gone off and cried a little, he had written a letter to his mother, asking her to take him home. But later he had torn it up.

She had worked so hard to let him spend these two weeks in Maine that he couldn't hurt her like that. So he wrote another letter telling her of the fine time he was having.

There was a rustle of footsteps in the dry leaves behind him.

"Hello, Peter," a gruff kindly voice said.

It was Father Finley.

"Hello," said Peter.

"I thought I'd find you here," Father Finley said, sitting down. "You've been coming here often these last few days, haven't you?"

Peter nodded.

"I've been watching you of late," Father Finley said kindly. "You aren't happy here, are you?"

"Oh, I am," Peter hastened to say. "It's just that ... that ..."

"I know," said Father Finley. "You would give a great deal to be out there with Jerry and the other boys, wouldn't you?"

Peter nodded and tried to swallow the big lumpy feeling that came in his throat.

"We must not become discouraged, Peter," the Father went on. "I knew a great man once, who spent most of his life in a wheel chair but he never let it come between him and what he wanted to do. I think that you knew him too, Peter, for he became President of the United States."

The good Father rose to his feet.

"We're having a little meeting around the camp fire tonight. I want you to come, Peter. Now, come boy, we must hurry and get cleaned up for supper."

It was pleasant around the campfire that night. The Maine air was cool and a bright moon hung over the mountain. Somewhere off on the lake, a loon called sadly for its mate and in the forest a whippoorwill sent echoes down across the gorge with his strange calling.

The fellows were toasting spuds and marshmallows and a nice, clean smell was coming from the hemlock logs. They were all laughing and joking. But when Father Finley held up his big hand for silence, they all became very quiet.

Everyone liked Father Finley very much. A big smile shone on his face.

"Does anyone know what day tomorrow is?"

Everyone looked at each other curiously. Finally someone raised a hand and said: "Thursday."

"Yes, yes," Father Finley laughed gayly. "It's Thursday, all right, but it's more than that. Tomorrow is Giant Day. You all know the story of the Giant of Myopac. You have all seen his foot prints imbedded in the stone bottom of the gorge. Well, once a year this giant comes forth from his place in the gorge and takes a walk for himself."

A chorus of oh's and ah's arose above the crackling of the camp fire. The good Father held up his hand for attention.

"Now, don't ask me how I know this," he said, smiling, "It is enough that I know it. Tomorrow you will see his tracks where he came out of the gorge and again you will see them where he returned to his place for another year. And I want to tell you that it will take a mighty clever woodsman to track him down. That will be your job. Now, that's all I'll tell you."

That night there was a great stir as the fellows made ready for bed. Outside, the bugler sounded taps but even after lights were out, the voices continued.

"I don't believe it," said one.

"There are Giant footsteps in the gorge," said another.

"Well, if there is a Giant," said another voice, "I'll bet Jerry is the one who tracks

him down."

"Yes, it would be Jerry," thought Peter before he fell asleep.

It rained during the night but the next morning dawned bright and cool. After mess everyone assembled outside the Recreation Hall.

"Well," said Father Finley, slyly, "if all you would-be woodsmen are ready, let's be off and see if our friend paid us a visit."

And sure enough, just outside of the gorge they came upon a set of big footprints measuring nearly three feet long. Everyone gasped.

"All right," laughed Father Finley, "I'll give you fellows just two hours to track down these prints and then report your findings back to me at the Recreation Hall."

The fellows went off howling joyously like a pack of hounds to the chase, and Peter found himself alone again. He followed the tracks slowly and after a while he sat down to rest. And here where the tracks went through the soft mud, he noticed a curious thing.

It gave him an idea and instead of going in the direction of the other fellows he back-tracked.

Two hours later in the Rec Hall the fellows were a happy but tired lot. They had scrambled in and out of the gorge following the big prints but no one had found the answer.

"Well," asked Father Finley, "what's the report."

"We followed them into the gorge and lost them on

the hard ground," said Jerry. "We can't figure it out."

"Does anyone know the answer?" asked the good Father.

Peter held up his hand and everyone looked at him in amazement. None had noticed him before.

"You are the Giant, Father!" he said.

"Yes," Father Finley's eyes sparkled. "I'm the Giant. But tell us, Peter, how did you find out?"

"Well, you made one mistake, Father. When the footsteps went through the soft mud they didn't sink at all. A heavy Giant would have made deep imprints. So, I back-tracked and I found these, where you hid them, behind the Rec Hall."

And Peter held up a set of boards which were roughly shaped to make huge footprints.

"Good work, Peter," said Father Finley. "And let's have them back. We'll have to put the Giant of Myopac back to sleep for another year."

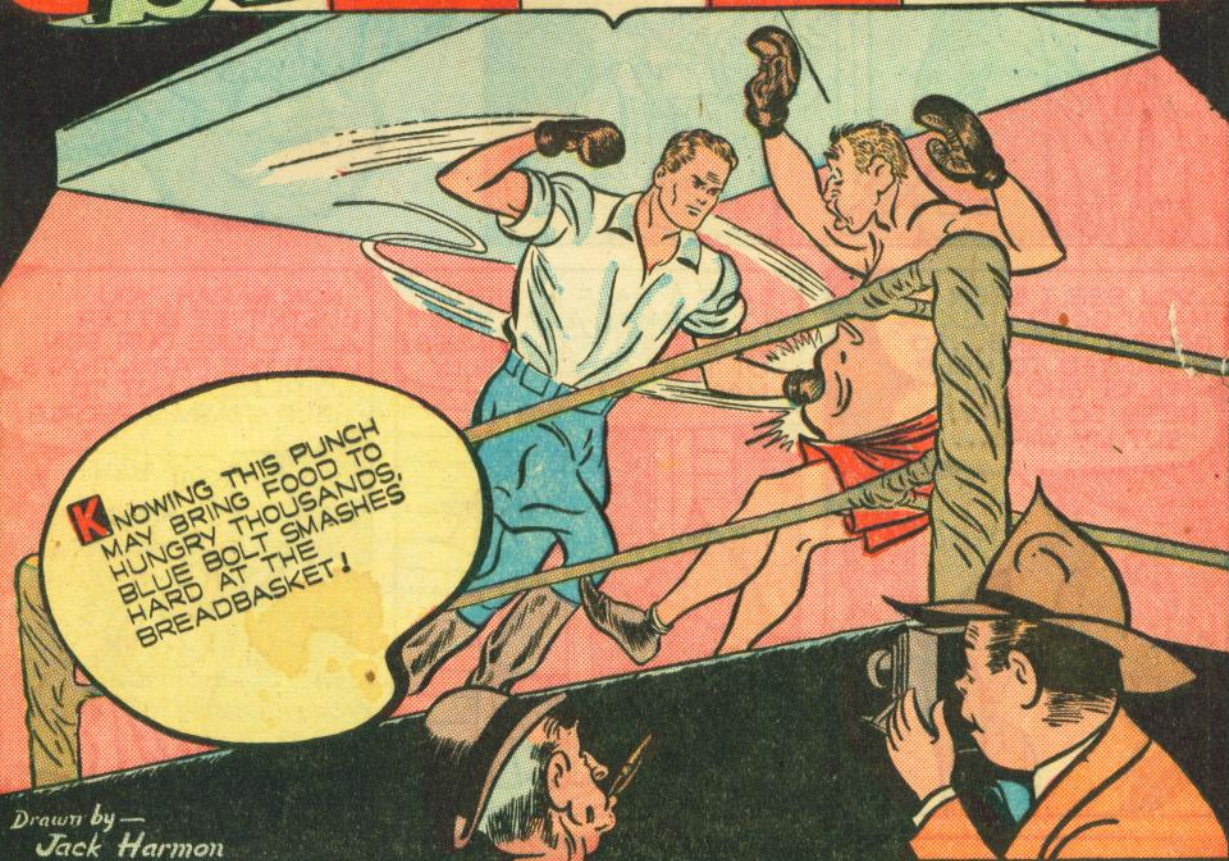
That night in the shower room, Jerry came over to where Peter was washing and said: "Hi, Pete. Say, that was nice going today. Hey, Pete, I wonder if you'd help me with a couple of letters I have to write tonight. Hear you're a pretty good hand with a pen."

"Coming over to the Rec Hall after mess, Pete. someone else asked.

And down inside, Peter felt good, for at last he knew that he was one of them. The fellows had accepted him.

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



IN THE **GLIMPSES** PLANE, LANDING AT THE MIDWEST FARM OF SILAS DOLE, ARE PHOTOGRAPHER SNAP DOODLE AND PILOT BLUE BOLT.



BLUE BOLT

HOWEVER, DOLE IS NOT ANXIOUS FOR PUBLICITY FROM **GLIMPSES**, THE PICTURE MAGAZINE.

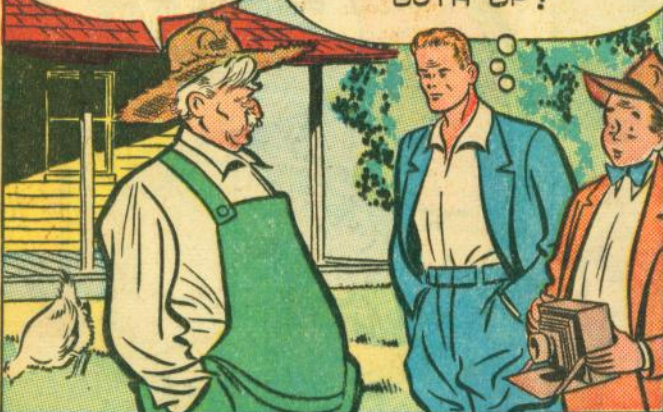


SARAH'S SO
UPSET ABOUT IT,
SHE'S TURNED
MEAN!

HMM...A HAPPY HOME
HAS BEEN WRECKED...
AS WELL AS OUR STORY!
I'VE GOT TO PATCH 'EM
BOTH UP!

MR. DOLE,
I'M GOING TO
TOWN TO SEE
YOUR SON!

GO AHEAD, BUT
TALKIN' WON'T HELP.
TOM'S A MULE ONCE
HE MAKES UP
HIS MIND.



SOON, IN TOWN...

WONDER WHY
THEY SET UP
SUCH A JOINT
IN THIS HICK
TOWN?

SLICK O'TOOLE'S
BOXING SCHOOL
EXPERT
INSTRUCTION
"Learn the quick
way to fortune
and fame."

ENTER,
SONNY, AND
FIND OUT.



INSIDE ...

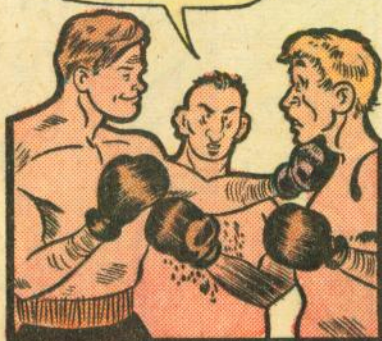
YOU BOYS HAVE
GREAT PROSPECTS.
WITH PUG TEACHIN'
YA, HOW COULD
YA MISS...ESPECIALLY
WHEN YA GOT SO
MUCH TALENT!



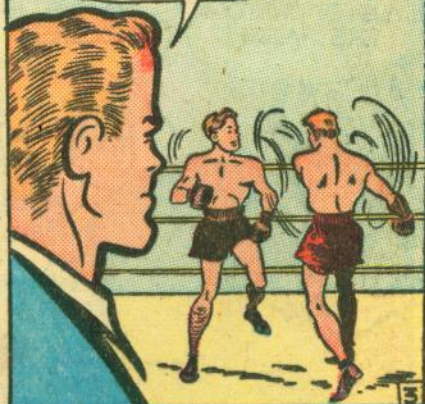
GIVE THE BOYS
A WORKOUT, PUG.
THEN SEE ME IN
MY OFFICE!

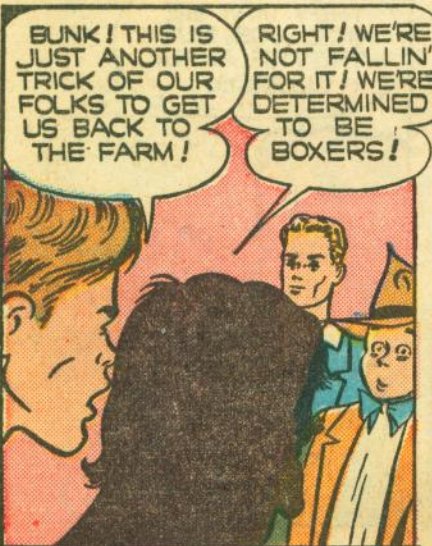
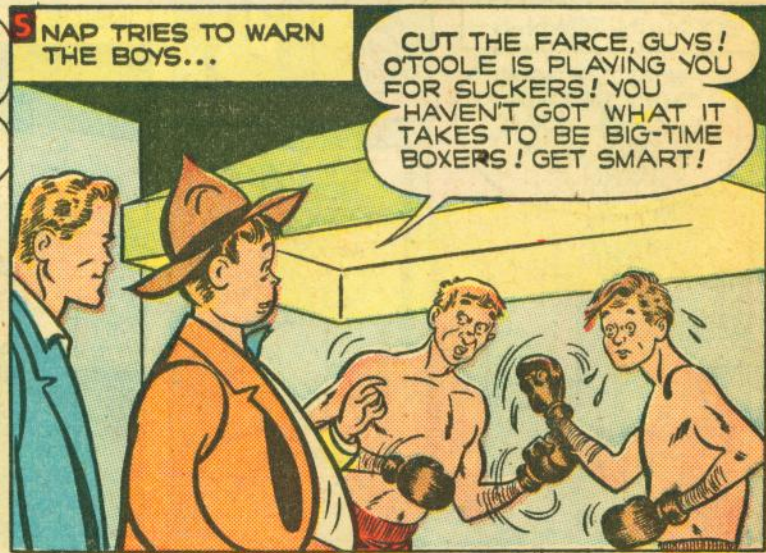
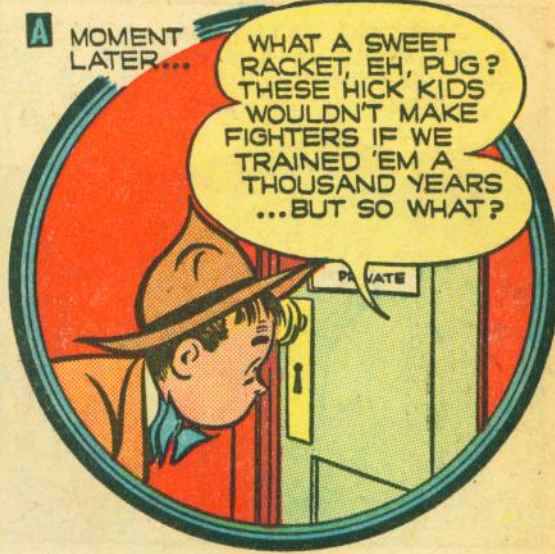
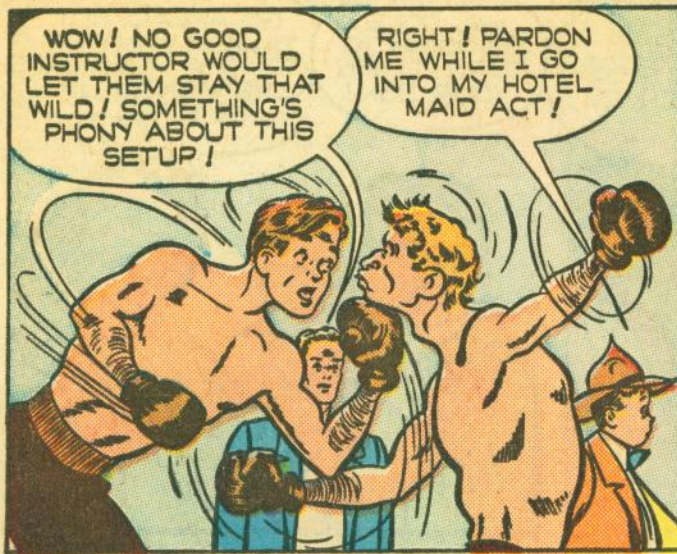
OKAY,
SLICK!

DOLE, YOUSE IS DA
BEST MAN OF DA
BUNCH. TAKE IT EASY
WID WHITEY HERE.
KEEP SPARRING
TILL I COME
BACK.

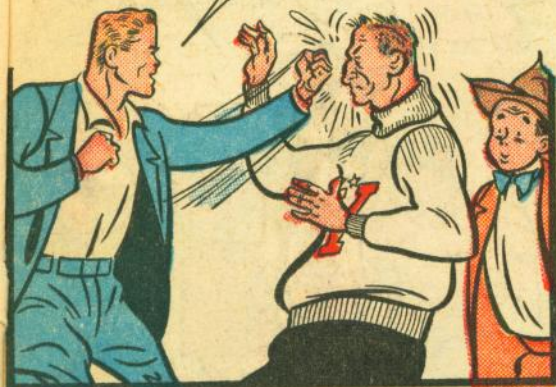


THEY MAY BE
NICE KIDS, BUT
THEY'RE AWFUL
CLUMSY!





(HERE'S A GOOD CHANCE
TO PROVE PUG DOESN'T
KNOW HIS BUSINESS!)
TRY THIS FOR SIZE!

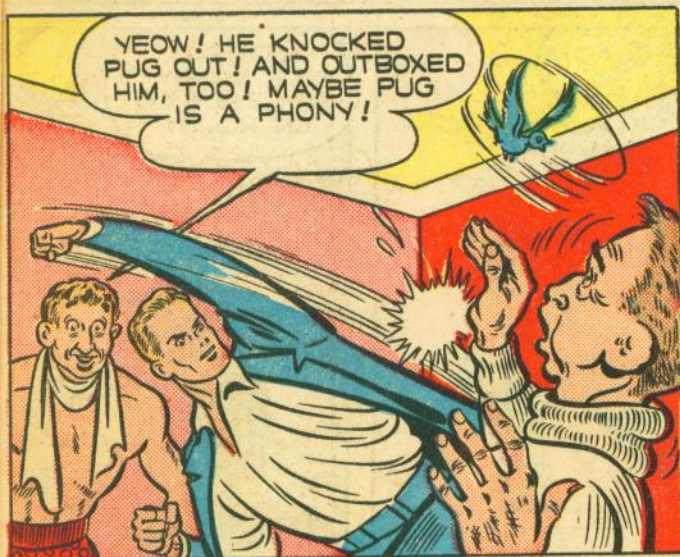


A TARGET
LIKE THAT, I
COULDN'T
MISS!

OOOP!

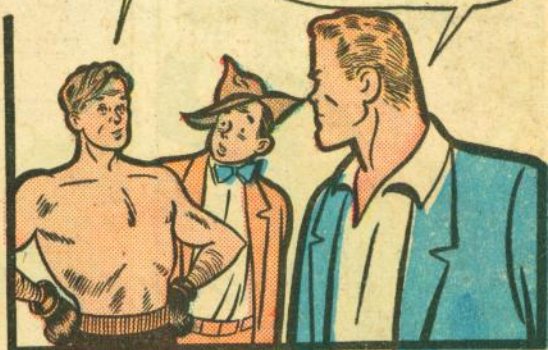


YEOW! HE KNOCKED
PUG OUT! AND OUTBOXED
HIM, TOO! MAYBE PUG
IS A PHONY!



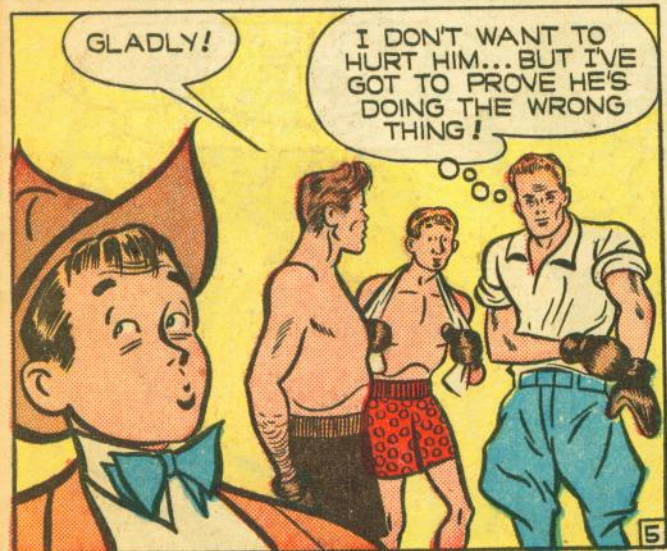
THAT DOESN'T
PROVE ANYTHING,
IT WAS LUCK.

YOU ARE
STUBBORN! BUT
MAYBE YOU'D
LIKE TO TEST
WHAT YOU'VE
LEARNED AGAINST
ME?

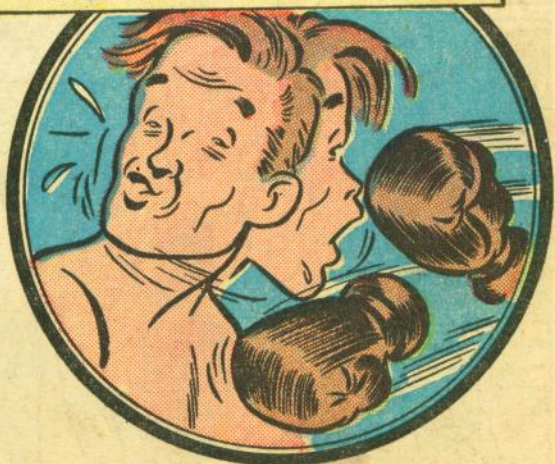


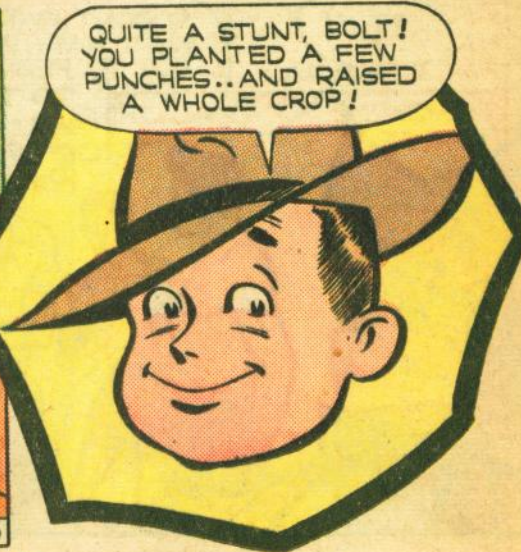
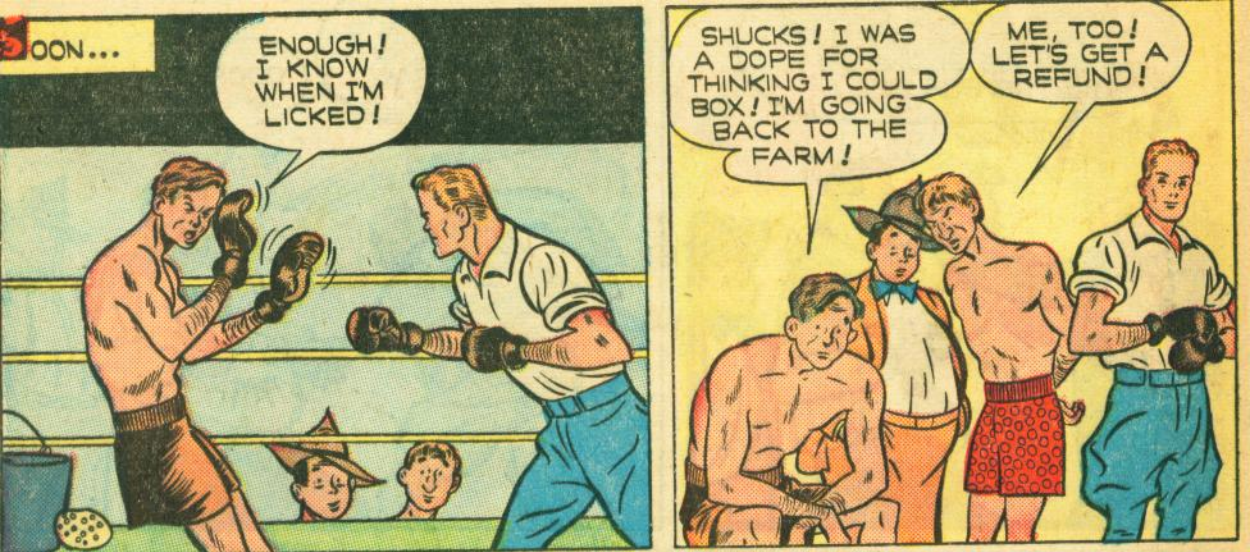
GLADLY!

I DON'T WANT TO
HURT HIM... BUT I'VE
GOT TO PROVE HE'S
DOING THE WRONG
THING!



B LUE BOLT LAUNCHES A WHIRL-
WIND ATTACK!

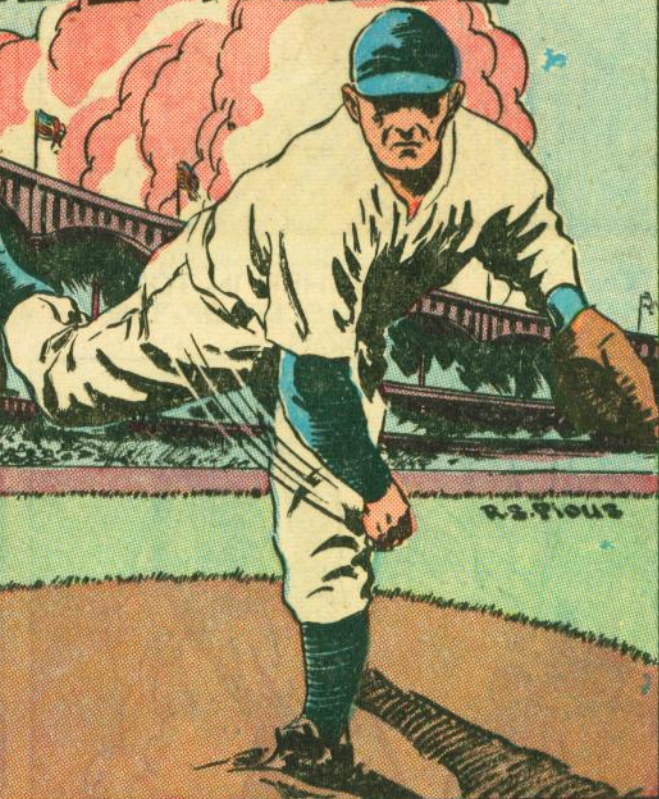




OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES



CHRISTY MATHEWSON, N.Y. GIANT PITCHER OF YESTER-YEAR, JOEY, WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO BE ENSHRINED IN BASEBALL'S HALL OF FAME. A QUIET COUNTRY BOY, HE ROSE TO PITCHER'S GREATNESS!



AT THE AGE OF NINE, MATTY WAS LIVING IN FACTORYVILLE, PA.

SHOW ME THOSE TRICKS WITH STONES, COUSIN.

ALL RIGHT, MATTY!



IF YOU THROW A STONE WITH THE FLAT SIDE PARALLEL TO THE GROUND, IT WILL ALWAYS TURN OVER BEFORE IT LANDS.



IF YOU TURN YOUR HAND, AND HOLD THE STONE AT AN ACUTE ANGLE, THE STONE WILL CURVE HORIZONTALLY WHEN IT LOSES ITS SPEED.



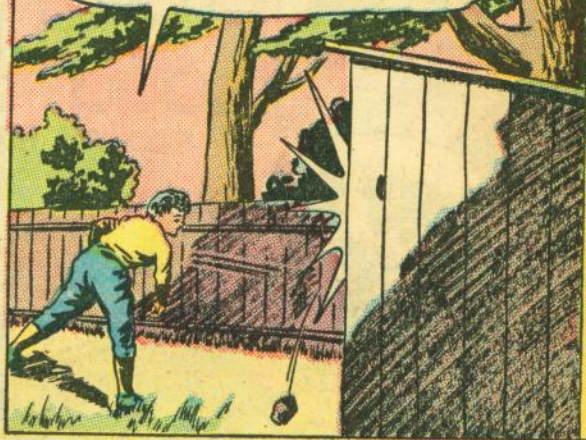
BLUE BOLT

MATTY BECAME THE BEST STONE THROWER IN FACTORYVILLE.

THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO STEAL OUR CHICKENS!



BASEBALLS AND STONES ACT THE SAME WAY WHEN I THROW THEM!



THE BEST KID PITCHER IN TOWN, MATTY BECAME MASCOT OF THE FACTORYVILLE TEAM.

GET IT, MATTY.



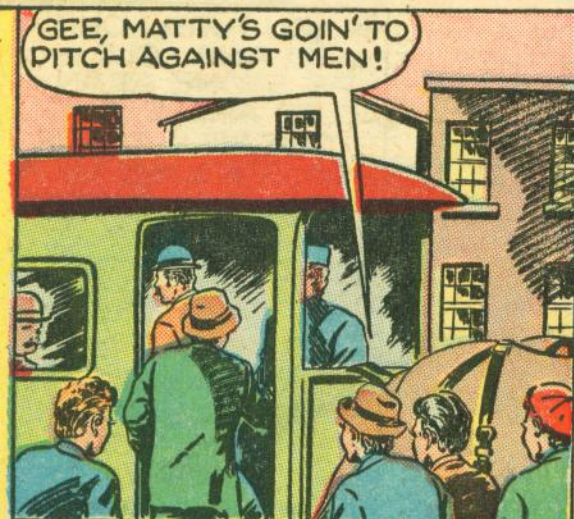
AT 14, MATTY PITCHED HIS FIRST REAL GAME.

NEITHER OF OUR 2 PITCHERS IS ABLE TO PLAY TODAY!

HOW ABOUT THAT BOY MATHEWSON?



GEE, MATTY'S GOIN' TO PITCH AGAINST MEN!



FACTORYVILLE WON, 19-17!

MATTY HAS BECOME THE REGULAR FACTORYVILLE PITCHER!

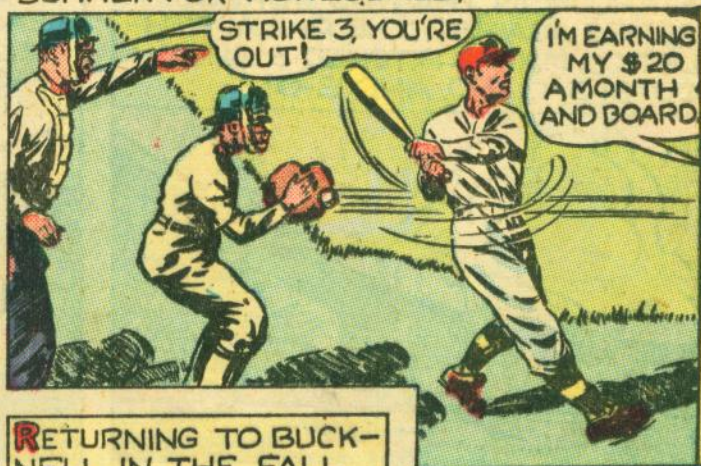


QUESTION No. 12. Was Christy Mathewson called the "Big Six" or the "Big Train"?

AT 15, MATTY ATTENDED KEYSTONE ACADEMY.



AT 17, MATTY PITCHED DURING THE SUMMER FOR HONESDALE, PA.



GRADUATING FROM KEYSTONE IN 1898, MATTY ENROLLED AT BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY.

IF YOU PITCH FOR TRENTON THIS SUMMER, YOU'LL GET \$80 A MONTH.

ALL RIGHT!
GOSH! I'M GLAD COLLEGES ALLOW US TO PLAY FOR MONEY DURING THE SUMMER!



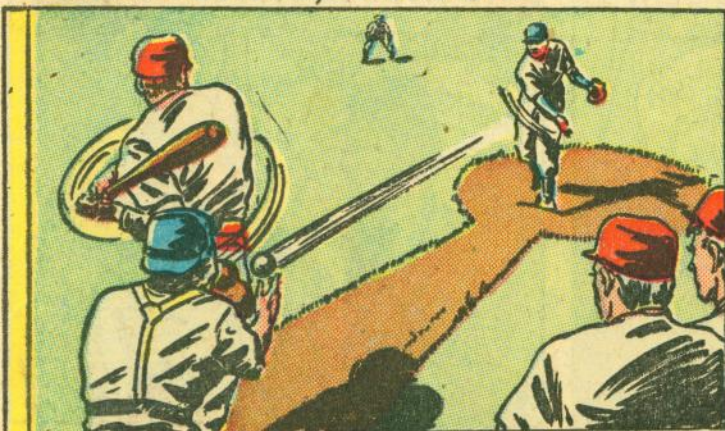
RETURNING TO BUCKNELL IN THE FALL OF 1899, MATTY CAME WITH THE FOOTBALL TEAM TO PHILA. TO PLAY THE UNIVERSITY OF PENN.

\$80 A MONTH TO PITCH FOR PORTLAND, VA., THIS SUMMER. NOW I'M GOING TO WATCH THE GAME. GOOD LUCK!



MATTY KICKED TWO FIELD GOALS FOR BUCKNELL. "PHENOM" JOHN SMITH, THE PORTLAND MANAGER, WAS SO ELATED HE RAISED MATTY'S SALARY TO \$90 A MONTH THEN AND THERE.

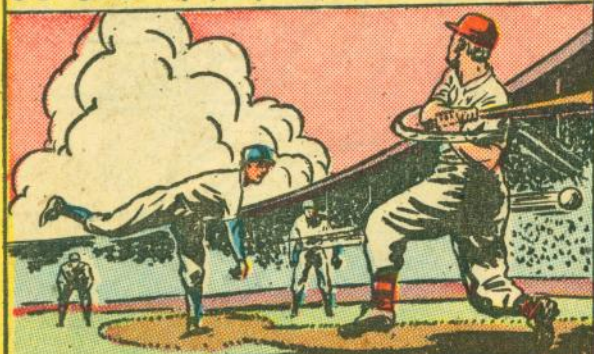
MATTY WON 21 AND LOST 2 FOR PORT-
LAND. BOUGHT BY CINCINNATI IN 1900, HE
WAS TRADED TO THE NEW YORK GIANTS
FOR AMOS RUSIE, AND CASH.



THAT PITCH WAS A
CURVE WITH A CHANGE
OF PACE. I'VE NEVER
SEEN ANYTHING LIKE
IT. IT JUST FADES AWAY!



THE FADE-AWAY BROUGHT MATTY
STARDOM. IN THE 1905 WORLD'S
SERIES AGAINST THE PHILA. ATH-
LETICS, MATTY PITCHED 3 SHUT-
OUTS: 3-0, 9-0, AND 2-0!



MATTY'S RECORD OF 3 SHUT-
OUTS IN ONE SERIES STILL STANDS.

I PRACTICED HARD TO
LEARN CONTROL. BUT
THE SECRET IS, I NEVER
BEAR DOWN UNLESS THERE
IS A POSSIBLE RUN ON BASE!



LAST YEAR, YOUR 13TH WITH
THE GIANTS, YOU LED THE
LEAGUE IN EARNED RUN AVERAGE,
2.06. YOU PITCHED IN 40 GAMES,
FACED 1,195 BATTERS WITHOUT
HITTING ONE. HOW D'YA DO IT?



PLAYING 16
YEARS WITH
THE GIANTS, MATTY
WON OVER 350 GAMES!

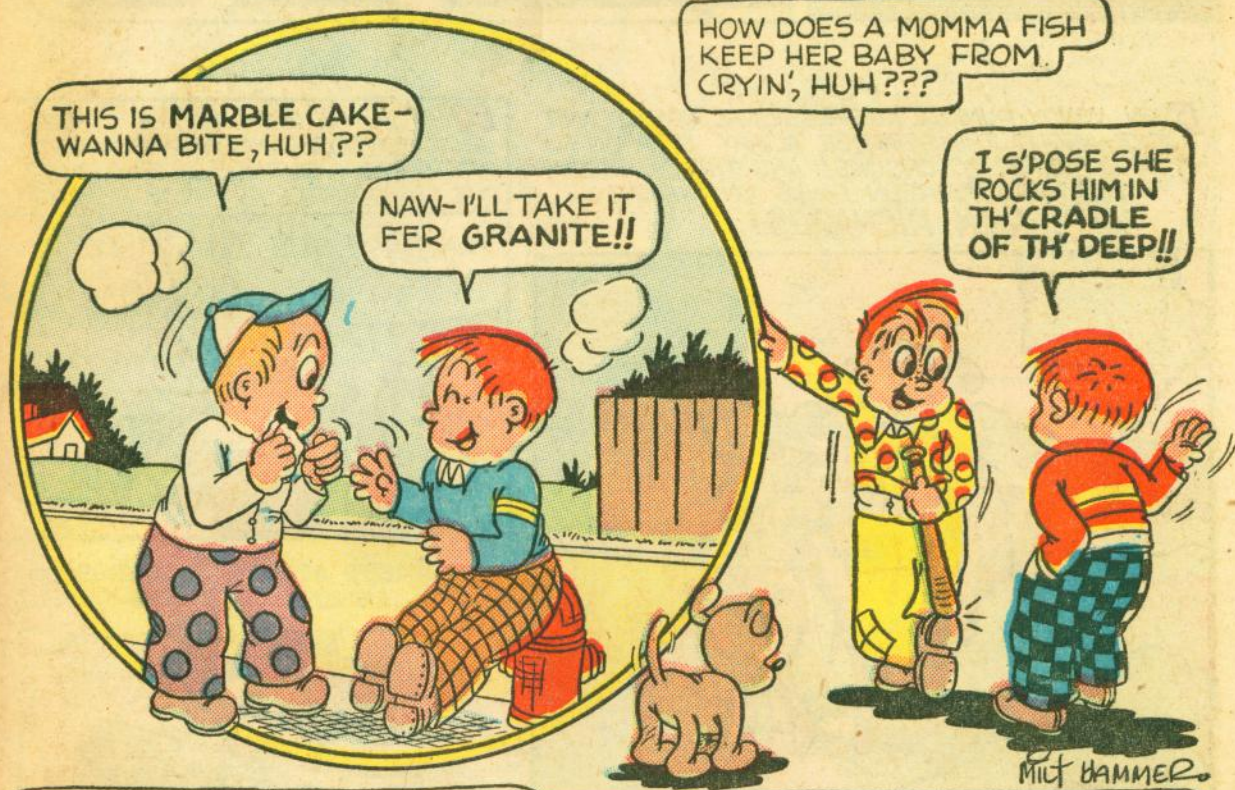


THE BUST OF
MATHEWSON
STANDS IN BASE-
BALL'S HALL OF
FAME AT COOPERS-
TOWN, NEW YORK.



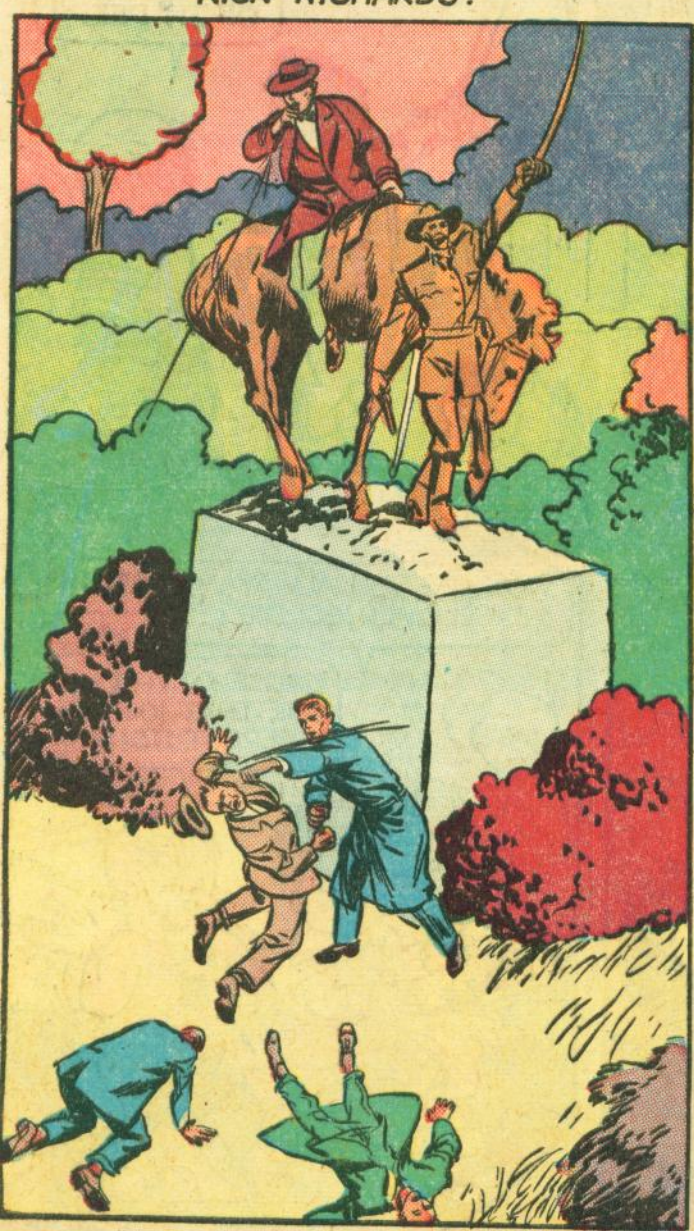
NO PITCHER HAS
EVER BEEN ABLE
TO DUPLICATE THE
FADE-AWAY, THE
STRONGEST PITCH
OF THEM ALL!

BLUEBOLTS and NUTS



Rick Richards

EVEN WINDY PUNNER, PROFESSIONAL COMIC, CAN'T JOKE ABOUT THE STRANGE PLIGHT OF A CITY TURNED OVER TO CROOKS! AND THE DANGEROUS JOB OF LIBERATION FALLS ON DASHING RICK RICHARDS!



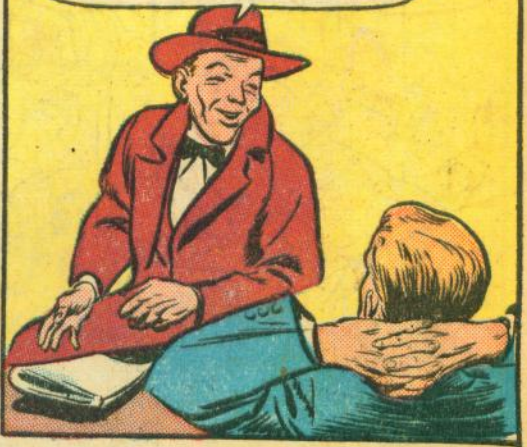
HIGH IN THE RICHARDS BUILDING, RICK CONTROLS HIS FAR-FLUNG INTERESTS---BUT ONE INTEREST NO ONE CAN CONTROL IS WINDY PUNNER!



MY PRESS AGENT'S A GENIUS! IS THIS ON THE LEVEL?



SURE! I NEED PUBLICITY, AND SO DOES MILL CITY TO PUSH ITS PRODUCTS!



SO TODDLE-OO,
RICK! MAYOR
PUNNER IS OFF
TO MIND HIS
METROPOLIS!

SO LONG,
YOUR HONOR--
AND I HOPE
THE SAME
GOES FOR
MILL CITY!

IT'S ONLY A HARMLESS
STUNT--BUT I BET
WINDY GETS INTO
SOME MESS!

MEANWHILE, THE MESS IS BEING
COOKED UP-- BY EXPERTS!

I KNOW EVERY
ANGLE TO MILL
CITY'S LAWS!
WE CAN BECOME
MASTERS OF
THE CITY!

YOU'RE THE
SMARTEST
SHYSTER IN
TOWN,
BLACKSTONE,
BUT WHAT'S THE
PITCH?

THIS FOOL COMIC WILL
HAVE FULL POWERS FOR
A DAY! IF HE SIGNS
THESE DOCUMENTS,
I'LL BE BOSS---
AND LEGALLY!

WOW!
WE CAN MAKE
FORTUNES IN
GRAFT!

THIS WILL BE THE
MOST PERFECT SWINDLE
IN HISTORY! I CAN
SIT BACK AND EAT
CHESTNUTS FOR THE
REST OF MY LIFE!

LET'S MEET PUNNER
AT THE STATION AND
GIVE HIM A ROYAL
WELCOME!

GREETINGS, FANS!
MILL CITY, I AM HERE!

A LITTLE LESS
MUGGING, PLEASE!

THANKS, BUT
IT WON'T FIT
MY KEY CHAIN!

A crowd of people in 1940s attire, including hats and coats, are gathered on a street. In the center, a man in a red suit and hat is playing a trumpet. A speech bubble above him contains the text "THE KEY TO THE CITY, GUY!". The scene is set in front of a building with large windows.

SO LONG
AS IT
AIN'T A
CHECK!

THERE! I
SIGNED 'EM ALL!
ANYTHING
ELSE?

THAT'S ALL,
MAYOR!
I'LL DO THE
REST! HAVE A
CHESTNUT!

BLACKSTONE HASTENS TO DESTROY MILL CITY'S CIVIC ORGANIZATION!

**BUT THESE
MEN ARE
NOTORIOUS
CROOKS!**

MAYBE-- BUT
FROM NOW ON
THEY RUN THE
POLICE DEPART-
MENT, SEE!
MAYOR'S ORDER

YOU'RE OUT, GENTLEMEN!
I'LL TAKE OVER YOUR
FUNCTIONS!

THIS IS
OUTRAGEOUS!

OUTRAGEOUS--
BUT STRICTLY
LEGAL!

YOU BLASTED
SHYSTER! YOU'LL
STEAL THE CITY
INTO BANKRUPTCY!

IDIOT! MILL CITY IS RUINED! HANGING'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU!

HUH?



CROOKS FOR COPS! CROOKS RUNNING EVERY DEPARTMENT! NOT AN HONEST MAN LEFT AS A CITY EMPLOYEE---AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

ULP! I'LL BE KNOWN AS A SAP FROM COAST TO COAST!



ACCORDING TO LAW, WE CAN'T TOUCH THEM TILL NEXT ELECTION-- TWO YEARS OFF!

GET ME RICK RICHARDS --- QUICK!



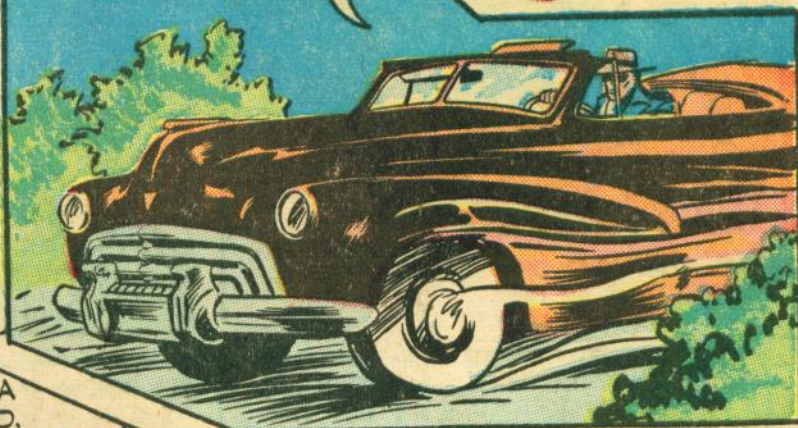
I'LL BE RUINED! THE CITY WILL BE RUINED! YA GOTTA STOP THIS BLACKSTONE

MENACE!

I'LL TRY, WINDY! IMMEDIATELY!



THE BEST WAY TO STOP THESE TRICKS IS THROUGH SOME TRICKS OF MY OWN. I'LL HAVE TO JOIN BLACKSTONE'S GANG!



SOON ---

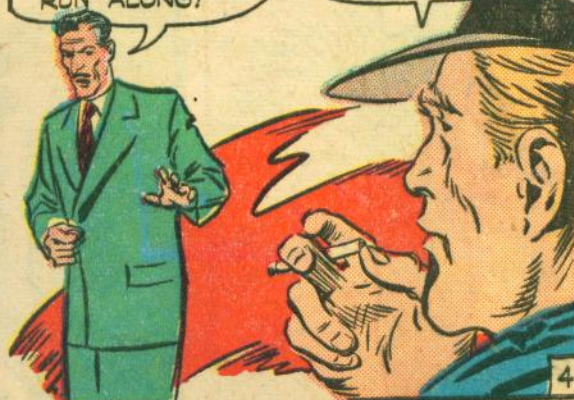
HE INSISTS ON SEEIN' YOU, BOSS!

I FIGURED YOU NEED A BODYGUARD, MR. BLACKSTONE!



I DO NEED 'EM--- AND I HAVE 'EM! RUN ALONG!

MAYBE THEY'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH!

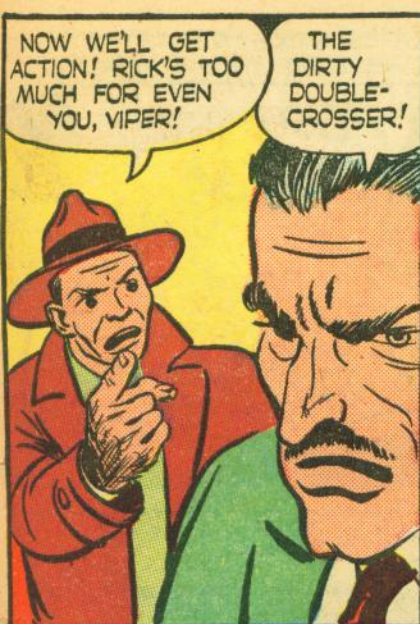


A NSWER No. 14. Picture 5 gives us Crooks, Richard Crooks,



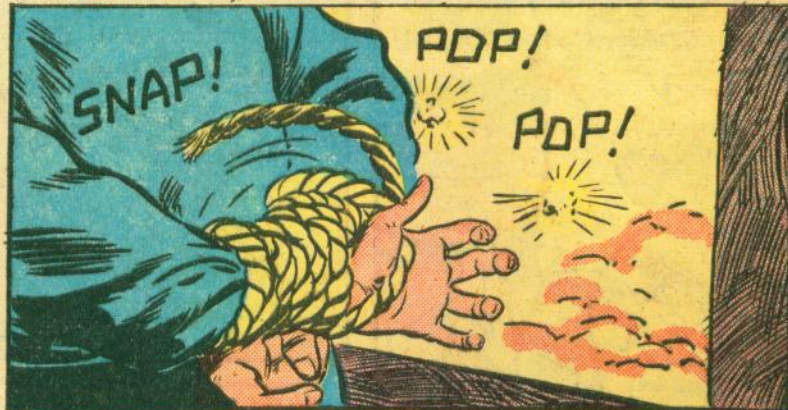
YES! THAT KIND OF POWER OVER MY MEN GUARANTEES THEIR LOYALTY!







THE SHARP POPPING STIMULATES RICK'S REMARKABLE ADRENAL GLAND, SUFFUSING HIS BODY WITH STRENGTH.



WITH THE CITY UNDER HIS THUMB, BLACKSTONE WEAVES A TIGHT NET FOR RICK AND WINDY!



QUESTION No. 16. Sir William Blackstone (1723-80) was famous in what profession?

HEAR THAT? IF WE DON'T CRACK INTO CITY HALL FOR THOSE CONFESSIONS, WE'LL NEVER ESCAPE!

GOSH! AND BLACKSTONE TRIPLED THE CITY-HALL GUARD!



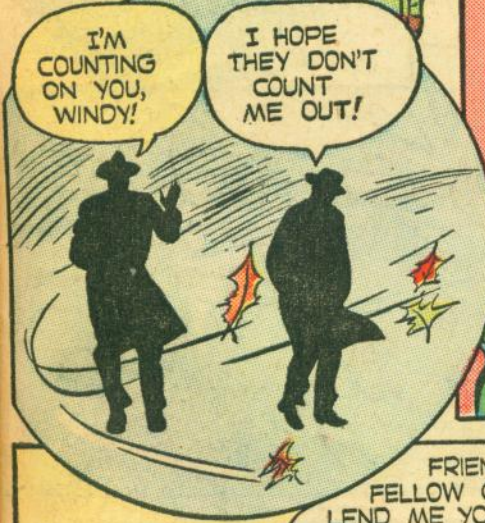
GO TO CITY SQUARE, WINDY! WHILE YOU ATTRACT EVERYBODY'S ATTENTION, I'LL SNEAK UP THE FIRE ESCAPE TO BLACKSTONE'S ROOM!



HERE, SON, I NEED THAT WEAPON MORE THAN YOU DO!
THANKS! THAT'S A REAL GOOD BEANSHOOTER!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, OCCUPANTS OF CITY SQUARE ARE SURPRISED TO SEE THIS OUGHTA GET THEIR ATTENTION! HEY, YOU!

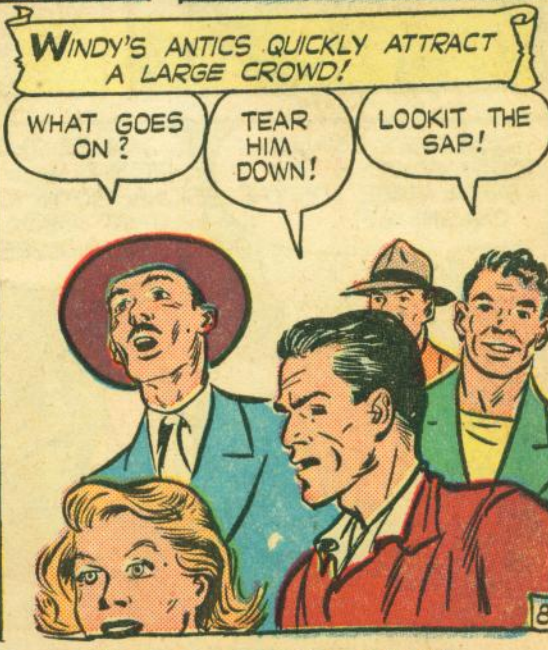


I'M COUNTING ON YOU, WINDY!

I HOPE THEY DON'T COUNT ME OUT!



FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS -- LEND ME YOUR EARS! NOT THAT MY OWN AREN'T BIG ENOUGH! GATHER ROUND!



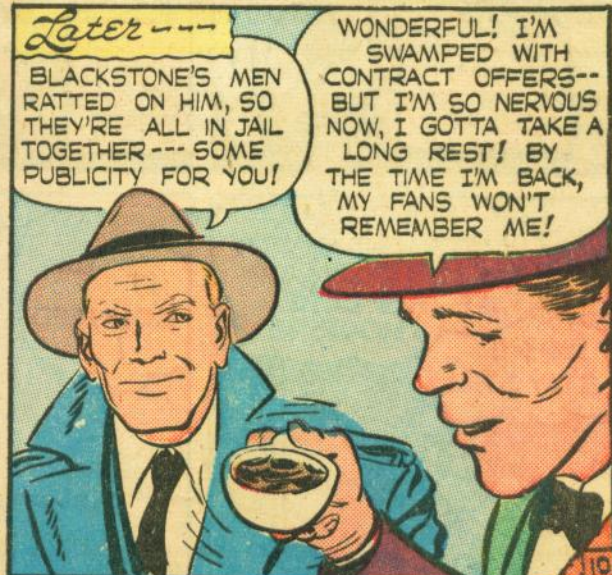
WINDY'S ANTICS QUICKLY ATTRACT A LARGE CROWD!

WHAT GOES ON?

TEAR HIM DOWN!

LOOKIT THE SAP!





FRAIDY-CAT PHIL

WOULDN'T THIS
BURN YOU UP!



SWELL
EVENING,
FRAIDY-CAT!

THANKS—
HAVE A
LIGHT!

OH! OH!
THREE ON A
MATCH—
THAT'S BAD!



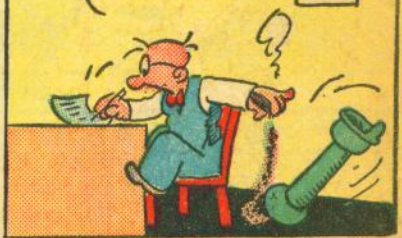
GOT A LETTER TO
WRITE BEFORE I
HIT TH' HAY—



MAY AS WELL USE
THIS NEW FANGLED
ASH RECEIVER TH'
BATTLE-AX GOT ME
FOR MY BIRTHDAY—



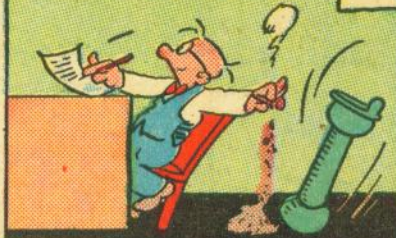
~ LET ME SEE ~
NOW ~ DEAR,
SIR ~



HMM ~ I WONDER
IF I SPELLED
"INCINIRATOR"
RIGHT—



THERE! THAT ABOUT
WINDS IT UP...

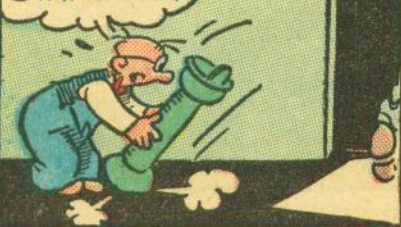


HOLY Q. MURPHY!
THE FLOOR IS FULL
OF ASHES—AND
I WAS SURE I
WAS PUTTIN'
'EM IN TH' ASH
RECEIVER ALL
TH' TIME !!



PHILIP, DEAR—
WHAT IN THE WORLD
ARE YOU DOING UP
AT THIS LATE
HOUR ?!!

D@*!!
STAY STILL!



HELP!

IT
BOUNCED
!



TRY TO ASSAULT
AND BATTERY ME,
WILL YOU
!!

I
KNEW
IT— I
KNEW IT!
THREE ON
A MATCH
IS THE
CAUSE OF
ALL THIS!

ART
HELFANT

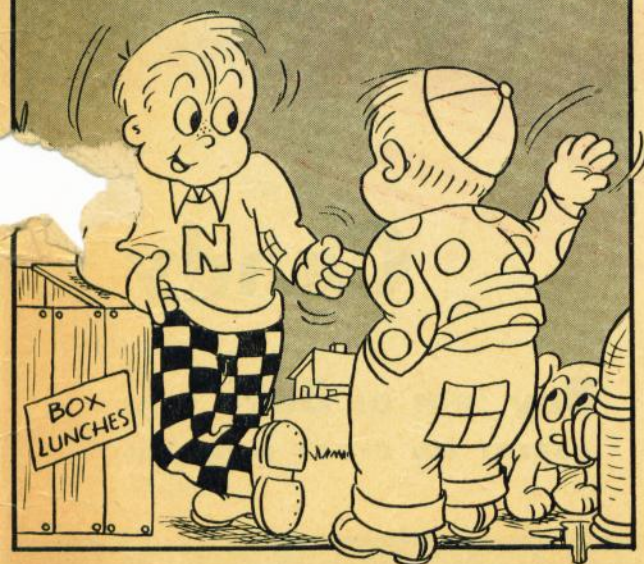


BLUEBOLTS and NUTS

by
MILT HAMMER

HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT IN THAT PIE
EATING CONTEST YESTERDAY ???

JIMMY CAME IN
FIRST, 'N I CAME
IN SICKENED!!!



WOT D'YA MEAN TH' CHINESE DON'T
DRINK TEA OUT OF A CUP ??

'CAUSE IT SAYS HERE IN
MY BOOK THAT THEY
DRINK OUT OF DOORS!



ISN'T IT FUNNY, THAT LOTS OF
SUCCESSFUL MEN ARE **BALDHEADED?**

SURE-THAT'S 'CAUSE
THEY COME OUT
ON TOP!!!

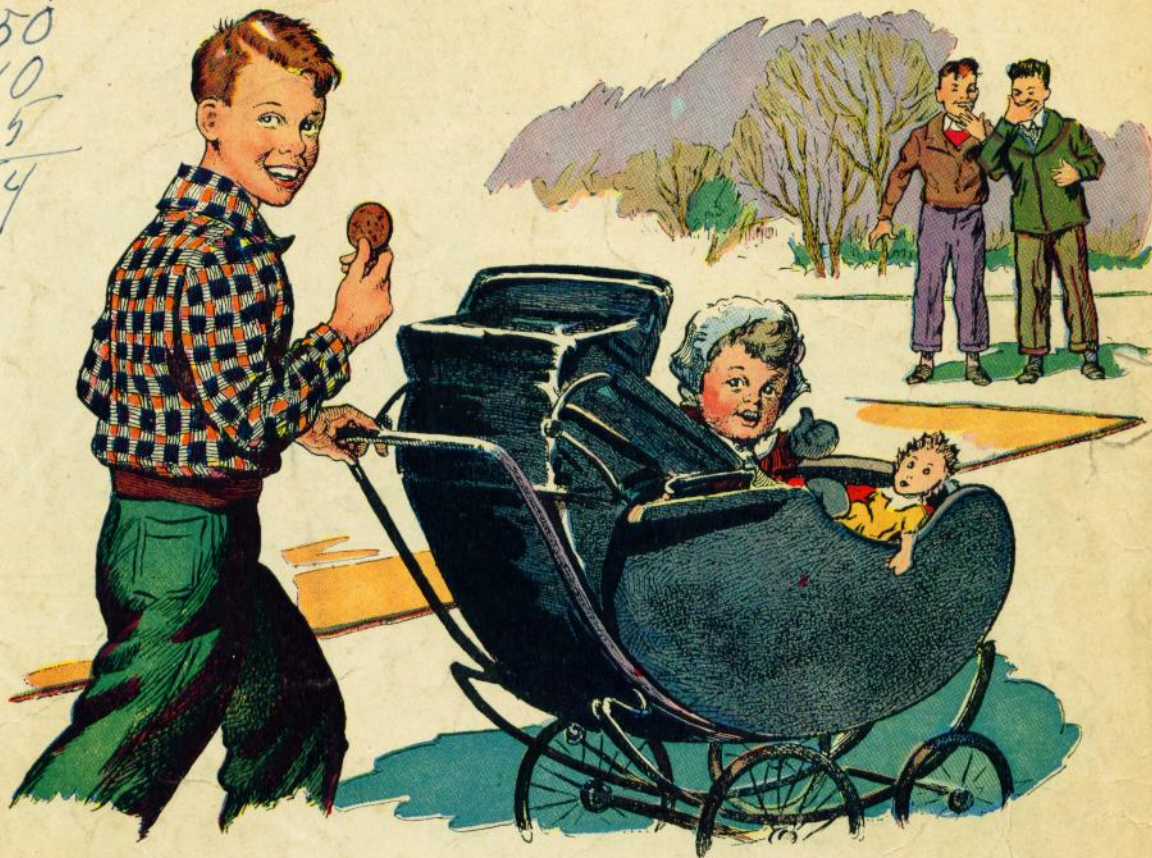


WHY D'YA SAY I'M A POOR JUDGE
OF HUMAN NATURE, CHUCK ???

'CAUSE YOU HAVE SUCH
A GOOD OPINION
OF YOURSELF!!!



139
250
240
125
6. 154



MOM PROMISED ME- Cookies

made with



Candy

Buy 'em or Bake 'em
RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY · Producers of Fine Foods · CHICAGO 13, ILL.